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LIFE

OF

MRS. VIRGINIA HALE HOFFMAN,

LATE OF

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSION

TO

WESTERN AFRICA.

BY THE
REV. GEORGE D. CUMMINS, D.D.,
RECTOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.



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TO

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

THE REV. CADWALADER COLDEN HOFFMAN,

TO WHOM IT HAS BEEN GIVEN, FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS,
TO PREACH AMONG THE HEATHEN THE "UNSEARCHABLE
RICHES OF CHRIST;" WHOSE PATHWAY IN LIFE
WAS ILLUMINED BY THE FAITH AND HOPE
OF ONE WHOSE LIFE, HID "WITH CHRIST
IN GOD," GREW BRIGHTER AND
BRIGHTER, EVEN TO THE
PERFECT DAY, THIS

Imperfect Portraiture of his Sainted Wife

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE writer of the following pages is deeply sensible how imperfectly they portray the character of her whose life is there sketched. The work has occupied the morning hours of a summer recreation, while the author was seeking rest and refreshment from exhausting labors amid the quiet scenes of the country. It has been a labor of love to revive and deepen the memories of the past connected with one whose friendship was prized as one of life's most precious blessings. Never has it been his lot to meet on earth a more lovely specimen of saintliness, or a life that reflected more of the image of Jesus. That these pages will leave upon the mind of the reader as deep an impression concerning their subject as that of the writer,

it were too much to expect. All that is claimed for her is, not a place by the side of brilliant or gifted heroines, but among the holy and the humble-hearted who sit with Mary at Jesus' feet; not a name on the page of history that records the genius of Madame de Stael, or the more unenviable fame of Lady Blessington; but a place in the Lamb's Book of Life, along with the saintly ones whose graves lie among the heathen, for whose salvation their lives were spent.

BALTIMORE, Md., December 13th, 1858.

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L I F E

OF

MRS. VIRGINIA HALE HOFFMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

PERHAPS the highest commendation ever passed upon a human being was spoken by the Divine Redeemer of a woman ; a retiring, unobtrusive inmate of a lowly home in Bethany —“ She hath done what she could.” And she who then broke the alabaster box of precious ointment upon His sacred head thus became the type and the head of an unending succession of Christian women, who have offered up their lives, “ a sweet savor unto God,” in the cause of Christ, and who have received from Him the meed of approbation, “ well done, good and faithful servant ! enter into the joy of thy Lord.”

It may not be amiss, before entering upon the life of the subject of this memoir, to inquire into the peculiar relation between the religion of Christ and this portion of the human family—to ask, what has Christianity done for woman, and what service has woman rendered in return to Christianity? If we would learn what Christianity has done for woman, we have only to look over the world, and back through history, and behold her position without the sphere of its influence. Look back to the nations of antiquity the most polished and most refined; the ancient republics, where civilization reached its highest limit apart from Christianity. Amidst all the elegancies of Roman and Grecian life, woman's condition was but a servitude—a servitude, though wearing gilded fetters. Look again over the ancient and decaying civilization of the East, over India and China, Turkey and Japan, and what is her condition? Alas, worse than that of the Roman matron or the Spartan maiden. In one, her doom is the prison of the harem; in another, her fate too often is the suttee, or funeral pyre of her husband. Turning from these to Chris-

tian lands, let the question be asked, what has Christianity done for woman? and the reply is, *every thing*. It has delivered her from bodily and mental thralldom, and stricken off the chains of her degradation in other ages and other lands.

It has lifted her to the position her Creator designed her to fill—man's equal, companion, and friend; not his beast of burden, his toy, or his slave. It has constituted her the guardian of its most sacred interests, and entrusted to her the shaping, in childhood, of the everlasting destinies of the human race. It has seated her in a home—the nursery of piety, the shrine and sanctuary of “all that is lovely and of good report.” It has hallowed her union with man, by making it the symbol of Christ's union with His Church, so intimate, so holy, so mysterious. But why need we enumerate? For all that is excellent and lovely in female piety; for all that is sacred to us in the memory of our childhood's home; for all that is hallowed in the cherished names of mother, sister, and wife, we are indebted to the religion of Jesus Christ.

If we turn to the other question, and ask what has woman done in return for Christianity? the answer will be, much every way; much that shines upon the pages of history—more that is written on high, and known only to God. From the day that Mary broke the box of ointment until the present hour, a noble line of women has rejoiced to endure labor and suffering for Christ. The succession of this ministry has never failed. Its ordination is from on high. “Its founders,” one has beautifully said, “were the Marys and the Salomes, the devout women of the gospel, who ministered to Christ’s wants when on earth; and He, by accepting their services, instituted them, as it were, a ministry, never to die out.” Mary broke the box of ointment, and Mary after Mary repeats the act in outpourings of charity upon His disciples; offerings none the less precious and fragrant to Him, because done to “the least of His brethren.”

What a vast proportion of the beneficence of the gospel has ever been dispensed by this ministry! Who have ever been the foster-parents of the orphan, the nurses of

the sick, the comforters of the sorrowful, the friends of the stranger? Who gather the children of the poor into schools and asylums, and never weary in teaching them the words of eternal life? Who, but the members of this world-wide sisterhood of love?

“Following those who were ‘last at the cross and earliest at the grave,’ come familiar names recorded by the pen of inspiration; the pious Eunice and Lois, the devoted Priscilla, and ‘Phœbe, a servant of the church at Cenchrea.’ Catching their spirit, we hear of Catharine the Alexandrine martyr, and Monica the mother of Augustine, to whose pious efforts her son’s conversion and eminence in the church are due. Nor have modern times been less fruitful in such instances. Who has ever labored more constantly and effectively in the cause of truth than Hannah Moore, whose pen stayed the tide of infidelity and godlessness coursing through England among the highest and the lowest? In the walks of benevolence, whose footsteps shine with a sublimer radiance than hers who caused the dungeon and the cell to glow with the light of sympathy and love,

the devoted Elizabeth Fry? And whose crown shall be brighter in heaven than that of the pious mother who in a crowded street of London taught her sickly child the word of God from the rude Scripture-scenes upon the tiles of the chimney-piece, her pictorial Bible; and who lived to see that son become the eminent Philip Doddridge, the honored instrument of winning thousands to Christ?"

But it has been reserved for the sphere of missions to the heathen to give to the church and to the world the brightest illustrations of the faith and love of woman for Christ. If the cause of missions had done nothing more than to give to the world such noble specimens of Christian character, it would be a full recompense for all the toil and care and money expended on it. "Here," says a voice just hushed in death,* "female piety has recovered and displayed anew the glory which it won when it wept at the cross and was early at the sepulchre. Here offerings more costly than those of the sweet spices of the sepulchre have been presented by the

* Dr. John Harris on "The Great Commission." New edition, pp. 215, 216.

Christian Marys of modern times. Here many a mother whom the world knows not, has, in the depth of her heart, like the mother of Mills, dedicated her offspring to a post of distant labor. What Spartan mother of old, when buckling on the armor of her son, and bidding him, as she gave him his shield, "either to bring it back or to be brought back upon it," can compare with the widowed mother of Lyman,* when she replied, to the intelligence that her son had been murdered by the cannibal Battas, "I bless God, who gave me such a son to go to the heathen, and I never felt so strongly as I do at this moment the desire that some others of my sons may become missionaries and go and preach salvation to those savage men who have drank the blood of my son." What ancient Hebrew women, receiving "their dead raised to life again," surpassed the self-denying faith of the widowed mother who could say of a son, to whom herself and her seven children were beginning to look for support, "let him go; God will provide

* The Memoir of Lyman has recently been published by Robert Carter and Brothers, New York.

for me and my babes. And who am I, that I should be thus honored to have a son a missionary to the heathen?" and who, when that son had labored successfully in India, and had died, could say of a second, "let William follow Joseph, though it be to India and an early grave!"

Here the accomplished and highly intellectual female may be seen meekly yet firmly devoting herself to a distant and arduous career — vieing with the hero in his defiance of dangers, and with the martyr in the endurance of them. If self-devotion deserve our applause, who can present a stronger claim than Harriet Newell? If the heroic endurance of suffering is to be embalmed in the memory, who deserves a brighter memorial than Anne Hazeltine Judson? Nor, we trust, will the name of her whose grave is in the shadow of the palm-trees of Western Africa, whose dust sleeps by its sounding sea, prove unworthy to be added to the catalogue of these martyrs for Christ and the cause of the world's conversion.

Virginia Haviside, daughter of Horace and Abigail Hale, was born in Glastenbury, Con-

necticut, October 14th, 1832. Her father was a captain in the merchant service.* Her mo-

* The subjoined extract from a New York journal of 1822, may be of interest to many, as it narrates an incident in the life of her father, which gave rise to the name of '*Haviside*.'

LONDON, June 3.

The American Ship Persia. — The following statement will be found of great interest to the commercial world :

March 4th, 1822, in lat. 28° 27' S., long. 38° 32' E., the Hon. Company's ship Windsor, Capt. T. Haviside, fell in with the American ship Persia, of Boston, Horace Hale, commander, 48 days from Batavia. The Persia had sprung a dangerous leak, which required the incessant working of her pumps to keep her afloat. Capt. Hale requested Capt. Haviside would keep him company as far as the Cape of Good Hope, to which, on judging the very distressed state the vessel was in, the latter consented.

Whilst the weather permitted, all possible assistance was given to the Persia by the Windsor, both by men (daily) to relieve the crew, who were sinking through fatigue from unceasing labor, and artificers to keep the pumps in repair, which, being on a bad construction, were continually giving way — without which the vessel must *inevitably have foundered*, as the leak was but just kept under with fresh men at the pumps, laboring in the extreme and without intermission.

Captain Hale's conduct cannot be sufficiently appreciated. The zeal and firmness manifested by him and his officers in the preservation of the property entrusted to their charge, the abandonment of which would not only have been warranted, but seemed at times extremely urgent, from the distressing state of the ship, the exhausted condition of the crew, and the tempestuous weather they had to encounter, communication between the ships not at all times practicable, and the risk attending it often preventing the regular

ther, Abigail Talcott, was a lady of superior mind, intellectual culture, and humble piety. Seven years after the birth of her youngest child, she was removed by death. Great was the loss of such a parent — but ere she was taken, she had left her impress upon the hearts and minds of her two children, Catharine and Virginia.

“You ask me,” writes Virginia, in her sixteenth year, “to tell you more of my mother. I can tell you but little, as I was so very young when she died. My *first* recollection of the home of my childhood is, being called to sit by mother while she read and prayed with us. I was too young to prize it then; but the remembrance of it is very sweet. I have not a doubt that it is due to her prayers that God led me thus early to love Him. She left me in His care upon her dying bed, and He has never left me. She would often tell us,

relief the *Persia* was in the habit of having from the Windsor.

It is, however, satisfactory to add, that Captain Hale and his officers met with the reward due to their exertions, in getting the *Persia* and their cargo safe into Table Bay, with the exception of some part thrown overboard at times when the leak gained upon the pumps.

when the storm was raging, that perhaps our father was in danger — perhaps even then the sea was rolling over him, and we would never see him more on this earth ; and then she would strengthen her own faith by bidding us kneel and offer up our prayers with her's. Her life was a sad one, but sorrow drew her nearer to God." Who that knew in after years the life of almost incessant prayer of this dear child of God, can doubt that the impress of such sacred hours and such pious training, laid the foundation of her lofty and symmetrical Christian character? That sad yet pious mother, removed so early from her children, has reaped in heaven the fruit of those seeds which were sown in tears, and yet in holy trust in God.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW BIRTH.

“Tell me, I pray thee, thy Name!”

JACOB AT PENIEL.

“’Tis Love! Tis Love! Thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks; the shadows flee:
Pure, universal Love Thou art.

My prayer hath power with God! the grace
Unspeakable I now receive:
In vain have I not wept and strove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love!”

THE childhood of Mrs. Hoffman presents us with no incidents of special interest, nor with any remarkable traits of character. At the age of eleven years, she was bereaved of her father, and left, with her sister, orphans. Left much to themselves, and thrown upon their own resources, their characters were more rapidly developed. In the youngest sister, the subject of this memoir, there was, as a child, firmness even to obstinacy. She could

be ruled by love, but unmoved by force. A proud spirit, united to a dignified manner, led her at school to seek the society of her seniors in age, but not in intellectual growth. More reserved in her manners than most young persons, her intimates at school were few. Up to the age of fourteen, she manifested no indications of piety, no evidences of a heart renewed by the grace of God. She had heard of Christ by the hearing of the ear, but knew Him not as her divine Saviour. The world occupied her thoughts, yet satisfied not her soul. But we are now approaching the period of her life when old things are to pass away, and all things become new, and she is to pass into "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

At the age of fifteen, she left the friends in the North, who had watched over her since the death of her mother, and became an inmate of her sister's (Mrs. Richard Dickson) home, in Norfolk, Va. Here the providence of God seems to have thrown around her special influences to prepare her for the great work of her life. She found herself at once in the midst of a warm-hearted community,

surrounded by tender, sympathizing friends, and in the bosom of an earnest, living Church. Scarcely had a single month of her residence in Norfolk passed, when a marked change in her character and intercourse with others began to be observed. She had listened not in vain to the faithful preaching of the Gospel of Christ. It became to her the sword of the Spirit, the power of God to her salvation. God opened her heart to receive the truth — she heard, believed, repented, loved, and obeyed.

It was on a Sabbath afternoon, in the autumn of 1847, that the writer of these pages was called, as her pastor, to converse with her for the first time concerning her soul's salvation. His personal acquaintance with her heretofore had been but very slight. How great was his surprise to find in her a deep and thorough work of grace — the whole soul melted by the love of God in Christ, and earnestly embracing Jesus as her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. On that evening, the rite of confirmation was to be administered in Christ Church by the venerable and beloved Bishop Meade. She was

encouraged to present herself without delay as a candidate. She embraced the invitation with delight — and on that night, just fifteen years of age, she stood before God's servant, surrounded by a numerous band, and in the dew of her youth consecrated her life to God. It was no ordinary consecration — there was a strength and steadiness of purpose far beyond her years — it was the first step of a life *wholly* devoted to God.

December 5th, 1847, she writes in her journal: "To-day for the first time I have received the communion. If God spares my life another year, may I find that each day I have increased in holiness, and in the love of God. May I never receive the communion unworthily; and may I each day become more like my Saviour, till at the end of life I be found perfect!"

The communion-season was ever a precious feast to her soul. August 6th, 1848, she makes this record in her journal: "Communion-day! I never have had like peace — I could almost feel that 'twas Jesus who broke the bread, and said, 'Love one another.'"

As before remarked, she was surrounded

by many circumstances favorable to the development of elevated Christian character. The Church in Norfolk, for more than a quarter of a century, has stood forth, distinguished for zeal, life, spirituality, and a high standard of piety. In the bosom of such a Church the character of the young disciple rapidly ripened. Christian friends watched with delight her progress, as daily waiting upon the Lord, she renewed her strength. Soon there was seen a ripeness and maturity of Christian graces which made her the companion and even the adviser of those far more advanced in life. He who had called her to be His disciple, seemed to be preparing her for some special and important service; and but a few short months elapsed before this purpose began to be disclosed.

CHAPTER III.

A MISSIONARY'S LIFE CHOSEN.

THE missionary work in heathen lands had early enlisted her deep sympathy and prayers. She had heard from the pulpit the call for laborers in Africa and China. Recognizing God's claim to her whole life, and feeling that she was "not her own," the question arose in her mind, why should not she become a missionary? She was an orphan, with but one close and tender tie, a sister's love, to be rent by such a step; and great as was the need of laborers in the home-field, yet greater and more pressing were the claims of the millions of the tribes of Africa, perishing without the light of the glorious Gospel. A few faithful missionaries were fainting under their burdens upon the shore of that dark continent. She would cast her lot with them. Her life should be devoted to the evangelization of Africa.

Miss Hale's decision to become a missionary to Western Africa was not attained without severe conflicts with her own heart, nor without much opposition from her friends. Doubts arose in her mind from the consideration of her youth. "Scarce sixteen," she writes, "I fear that I would hinder rather than assist the work; I shall ever pray that God may direct me in the way that I can best glorify His name." The same reason was urged against her going to Africa by a Christian relative. Quoting his letter, she writes, "he thinks that I am too young, and would only be a hinderance. I cannot think as he does; for, though I would expect suffering, still I should have strength given me to bear it." * * * "If I go, I will go *cheerfully*; for I think no sacrifice is acceptable unless cheerfully made." * * * "Regarding the duties, I cannot tell how I am fitted for such a position, but there is an old saying in which I place much confidence, that 'where there is a will there is a way.' I am sure that I have the will to work, and I should look to God to teach me the way. Where His will may now lead me, He only

knows. When I look back upon the past year, and think what and where I was, I wonder that I can ever think of forming one plan for my own action for even one day, still less for a longer period."

June 16th, 1848, she wrote, "not once since I last wrote have I felt one doubt but that I should be guided in the right way. It seems as if I had never known (until now) the almost perfect happiness of trusting in God. And in proportion as I lean on Him in things of importance, so much the more can I feel in these little cares that they are all for the best."

July 8th.—"I have prayed that I *might*, and feel now that I *could*, leave here and meet suffering while Christ is with me and while resting upon Him. * * * Of myself, I have not strength to bear even the little troubles which each day brings; but I know (and it makes me happy to think of it) that God is almighty, and that He is my Father, and that He who is my Intercessor is also my Brother."

It is not surprising that Miss Hale met with many who opposed her desire to enter

the missionary work in Africa, and with not a few who looked upon the undertaking as the offspring of the wildest enthusiasm. We cannot wonder, indeed, that worldly minds should fail to appreciate the high and holy motives which prompt to self-consecration in the work of foreign missions. To such the child of God, constrained by the love of Christ, may reply, "I hear a voice you cannot hear, I see a hand you cannot see!" But it is a trial of a sorer kind to such a spirit to meet with want of sympathy, and even discouragement and opposition, from Christ's professed disciples. *This* trial Miss Hale was called to bear.

Writing under the date of July 29, 1848, she says, "I visited one of my friends last week, who spoke very harshly about my going away; she is a member of the church, and quite advanced in life; she called it a wild idea, etc. Her principal objection was one that you have not heard before, I think — '*I was too pretty to go among the heathen in Africa.*' She seemed to forget the great end and aim of the establishment of missions. It was sad to hear her speak thus, for I thought

one so old should have valued the things of this world less."

Let it not be thought by any one who did not know her that this reference to her personal appearance was any indication of a consciousness of the possession of personal beauty by herself. God had indeed given to this lovely woman great personal beauty; but no word, or deed, or look ever manifested a sense of its possession; or if she could not fail to know it, we know full well that she rejoiced to lay it as a willing offering upon the altar of Him who is "the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

The subject of her immediate departure to Africa having been referred to her guardian, met with his strong and earnest opposition; and Miss Hale acquiesced at once and without a murmur in his decision. She consented to pass through a probation of two years, which might test the depth and strength of her motives. Soon after this decision, she writes cheerfully and hopefully, "it is said that there is a feeling natural to the mind, which causes us to prize an object when lost more than when it is within our reach. I

think I feel so now ; for, though I trust I did value the opportunity given to me of obeying Christ's great commission, and of taking up my cross to follow Him, yet I feel now that it would have been a *real pleasure*. I do not fear death ; but were there *one* pang ever to accompany it, it would be lost were I to die while teaching those heathen of the love of God."

Still, while cherishing the distant prospect of going to Africa, she had to struggle against the occasional coldness and opposition of friends. One morning she received a message through an intimate friend, who was entreated by another to use every effort in her power to prevent her taking such a rash, wild step ; one leading to certain death, and taken from a wrong sense of duty. "Much as such a message pained me," she writes, "I was very happy to find that *my duty only seemed the plainer*. If I am denied the aid of my Christian friends, I have *One* still unfailing and ever present Friend."

No one who saw her at this period of life, ever cheerful and bright, could have imagined the struggle through which she had passed

in yielding her own convictions of duty to the judgment of others, and consenting to abandon her purpose of immediate departure to Africa. It left no trace of morbid feeling or of indifference to home duties upon her character and life. She became at once most active and earnest in the discharge of all Christian duties, and in the work of the church of Christ. The Sunday-school and parish school opened to her congenial fields of activity.

One Sunday evening, in 1848, she says in her Journal: "I have been this evening to the funeral of E—— D——, one of my first Sunday scholars. I hope she has gone to her Father in heaven. May it be a lesson to me to be more faithful in my duties, particularly as a Sunday School teacher."

She was seldom absent from the ladies' prayer-meetings connected with the Church; and to wait on God in His house was ever her joy and delight. She "went about doing good," almost daily seeking out the abodes of the sick and the poor, and ministering wisely and lovingly to both body and soul.

Nov. 7th, 1848, she writes to a friend: "It

is just a year ago last Sunday that I was confirmed. I shall always look back to that day as one of the happiest of my life. I was invited yesterday to join one of the praying circles of our Church. I very willingly acceded, and we are to have our first meeting at Mrs. W——'s. * * * "I spent all yesterday morning in the vestry-room of Christ Church, cutting out clothing for about thirty of the parish-school children."

"Nov. 21st. "I have finished reading the life of Leigh Richmond, and I know of no book of human origin that has done me so much good as his Memoir. May I be more humble! I feel that I am in great danger of forgetting that it is to God alone I am indebted for every good thought and deed, and of taking to myself the praise. It seems as if every day I could discover some new evil in my heart to be overcome. May I strive to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect."

CHAPTER IV.

HER JOURNAL IN NORFOLK—1849-50.

ON the first day of January, 1849, Miss Hale began a journal of her Christian life, from which we now make some extracts. Her journal opens thus: "To assist me in conquering my besetting sins, I commence this." This record of self-examination can only be fully understood by the Christian heart. To others it may seem strange and perplexing. Each day's search brought to light those faults over which she mourned, against which she strove, and for deliverance from which she ceased not to pray. Those faults were none other than such as are common to every heart; but to the new-born soul they cause many a sigh and many a struggle. Just emerging from the world, pollution still cleaves to its garment; and though clothed with the Saviour's righteousness, yet, in contrast with His purity, its own defilement

appears more dark and odious. Thus she mourns: "Pity me! sin *cleaves* to me; help me, O God!"

Pride was a frequent troubler of her peace, constantly lamented and daily contended with. "Pride pollutes all," she writes; "let me look to Jesus to relieve me!" Scarcely an entry is made in her journal at this period (the beginning of 1849) without reference to this sin of her heart. "Pride in church, pride among visitors, pride in teaching in Sunday School." Under date of 14th January, she writes:—"Rose late, ill in body, fretful in mind, and a cold heart in prayer. I did not pray for my class earnestly, and had but little zeal in teaching. In church, prayer cold, lip-service. Evening service, the text was 'Pray without ceasing.' I resolved to pray three times a day fixedly. How little do I love Him who made and spares me! Let me be spent for His glory! *Make me humble.* Let me trust in Jesus for *all* my strength, and know myself to be dust, dust, dust! What have I to be proud of?"

January 23d. "Pride will come. May I trust not in words, but in Christ? I will give

thanks to Him who giveth me the victory. 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.' Take away my pride; make me as Him."

February 17th. "Father, hear my prayers, feeble though they be; sanctify my trials to me; lead me nearer to Thee, and receive me as Thy child!"

February 19th. "Take *pride* from my heart; let me delight whenever I am called to deny myself; let me be meek and humble, joy to find in every station something still to do; let my heart be fixed on heaven!"

February 21. Ash-Wednesday. "Help me to mortify my pride and selfishness! Let these be the two sins against which I must fast and pray."

Writing to a friend about this time, she says: "I have been reading the life of Dr. Payson. I feel that it has done me good; if in no other way, it has made me more humble. As I have been writing this, I recollect one passage which I felt was a rebuke to me (indeed, there were many), which almost made me doubt whether I was really treading in the path He trod. This one passage was in reference to giving up *all* for

Christ. You must pray for me, that Christ may be *my all*."

February 25. First Sunday in Lent. "Do I love to read the Bible as much as during the last Lenten season? Do I pray oftener? Do I love public prayer? Have I lowered the Gospel standard? Do I call some sins small and others great? Have I ceased striving to be holy? Do I think fasting to be of no use? Let me take my besetting sin *pride*, and fast and pray over it!"

March 19th.—"I wish during the coming week to live near to God, to note my faults as I commit them, and to try and crucify my flesh. Christ is my pattern."

20th.—"Rose early and read. May my life be as the seed, blade, ear, full corn! I wish to live for Christ to-day."

23d.—"A morning walk. Passed Christ Church as the doors were opened and the bell commenced tolling. I stood at the door for several minutes, as no one was yet there. It was a beautiful spring morning; and as my eyes fell upon the chancel, I thought how many vows I had made there; (alas, how unfaithfully kept!) how often within those walls

had I been instructed, comforted, and cheered. How hallowed did every association with them seem! How I thought of the church above, how much more glorious! free from every sinful stain, and never ceasing to glorify Him who has redeemed them!"

April 1st.—"I have so arranged all my duties that I can devote nearly all my time next week (Passion-week) to reading and the services of the church. I have commenced the comparison of the four Gospels; and though I have gone but a little way, yet it seems to me deeply interesting."

April 5th, Passion-week.—"This week has passed so pleasantly! I have spent almost all my time in reading when I have not been in church. I have this morning finished writing a harmony of the sufferings of our Lord, comparing the accounts of the four Evangelists. I have been so happy while doing it! I have read and re-read these narratives, and still it seems that were I to spend my whole life I should ever find something new. God's love to us seemed to me so great that I wonder that I could ever think anything too great to give up for Him."

Under date of May 13th is the following:
“I have tried to-day to look into my own heart, to learn, if God should call for me, whether I am ready to go, or if I could give up those dearest to me. * * * Many circumstances have brought to my mind thoughts of eternity, and I wonder to see so many around me entirely forgetful of the life beyond the tomb. Is there anything *too great* to be given up that even *one* soul might be brought to the knowledge of Jesus? But why is it that there are so many who are unwilling to give up anything? Nothing has brought more sadness to my mind than the coldness of my own love, and that of many professing Christians, to Him who has died for us.” * * * “Now I am alone, with my Almighty Father to lead and guide me, and I think God is fitting me to do His will, and preparing me now by little trials for greater ones to come.”

May 27th, Whitsunday.—“This day has been to me especially precious. We have been led by the services of the Church to commemorate the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Church of old. Most earnestly did

I pray (and God gave me faith to believe that my prayers would be heard) that upon our Church here and throughout the world His Spirit might rest."

May 30th.—"I have been to-day to a meeting which was very sweet. A few evenings ago I was walking with a young lady of St. Paul's Church, and we were speaking of the many friends we had who were yet strangers to the love of God. We were wishing that we could do something for them, and the result of our thoughts was an agreement to meet every Wednesday morning to seek the Spirit of God to rest upon our unconverted friends. We commence with singing; one of us then offers a prayer for those of our friends whom we all know, and who are strangers to the love of Christ. Besides remembering our friends, we strive to promote our own spiritual welfare by asking for the same Spirit to dwell in our own hearts. I think God's blessing will rest upon us, as we have sought it earnestly."

June 3d, Trinity Sunday.—"Would that I could write the happiness that I have felt this day! It is Communion-Sunday, and the

happiest I have ever passed. I rose with a thankful heart, and the first verse of the 147th Psalm seemed to me to be a good expression of my feelings — ‘Praise ye the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant and praise is comely.’ In Sunday-school I was enabled better than usual to do my duty. We had a sermon well calculated to prepare us for the solemn services which followed. *Never* have I been so free from wandering thoughts, and never felt how deeply was my heart tainted by sin. To God alone would I give the praise for every good thought, word, and deed. I have thought that one great reason why I enjoyed to-day so much was that during the previous week I have tried, by close self-examination, to prepare myself to partake of this holy ordinance.”

June 6th.—“To-day our little praying-circle met. It is very pleasant. I feel that it is a great aid to me.”

Under the same date, referring to a trial she was called to bear, she writes, “It has chastened all my feelings, and I am sure it is good to have them so subdued, for I have

greater peace of mind. I have been led to go oftener to Jesus to plead with Him. It is so sweet and soothing to all our fears to trust in Him."

The Lenten season of 1850 was the last she expected to spend in her native land, and on this account was doubly precious to her for its holy privileges.

On Good-Friday of that year she thus expresses herself:

"This may be my last Good-Friday here! I would be truly grateful for the blessings of this week. O may I love Christ more, and may His love constrain me to live wholly to Him, to glorify Him in body and spirit! May I strive to be fitted for the holy work of bringing sinners to Thee! O for more love to my God and to Jesus!"

CHAPTER V.

HOPE'S FRUITION.

THE succeeding year in Miss Hale's life passed quietly, and without any special event worthy of record. Her Christian character was daily ripening into greater maturity, and she continued as ever active in all departments of Christian duty. As the summer of 1850 drew nigh, her long-cherished hope of reaching Africa began to draw near to its fruition. The Rev. Cadwalader Colden Hoffman, a faithful and devoted missionary to Western Africa, to whom her affections had been plighted for two years past, returned to this country on the 1st of June, 1850.

On the 13th of June she alludes to this event in a letter to a female friend. "The first day of this month Mr. Hoffman came, the packet having been driven into Hampton Roads by a storm. He is anxious to return in the autumn. *I go with him, God willing.*

I am looking forward with great pleasure to my home in Africa, especially after hearing all that Mr. H. has told me of the people. *Never for a moment have I doubted that I have chosen the path of duty ; and the consciousness that I go for Christ's sake makes all sacrifice light."*

August 9th, she writes to another friend : " You must not accuse me of being hard-hearted, if I tell you I am very happy even now when the time for my leaving all my dear friends is so near. I know I shall love the work ; 'tis such a great pleasure, as well as a privilege, to be permitted to tell of God's love to us. Sometimes in my little class in Sunday School, I tell them of it, and cannot cease. But to tell it to those who have never heard of it before, will be a far greater blessing ; and should God ever suffer me to see the fruit of my labors, no earthly happiness could approach to that. But if not, I can sow good seed, and feel sure that it will spring up after many days."

The first of September was her last Sunday in her loved church at Norfolk. It was Communion-Sunday, and a memorable day to her.

She thus writes of it: "Sept. 1st. I rose early and went to the early service before breakfast. At Sunday School, all my class were present. I tried to teach them to love the Lord with all their heart and soul and strength. At the morning-service I was enabled to give myself wholly to God, and to give up all for Him. God has so abundantly blessed me, that I feel I am not my own. I would trust Him to perform my future duties, weary and great though they may be. *He has given me to-day a pledge of His love.*

"At the close of the service it rained, and we had to linger some time in the dear church."

On the 5th of September, 1850, Miss Hale was united in matrimony to the Rev. Mr. Hoffman. The service was performed by her pastor, in Christ Church, Norfolk; the church so dear to her heart, as the hallowed spot where she had consecrated herself to God, and where she had often been fed with the bread of life. It was an occasion of deep interest to all the Church in Norfolk. A large company assembled to share in their joy; but not the least interesting of all the assembly in her eyes was her Sunday School class, who stood near her with tearful eyes.

Her journal at this time contains the following record:

"Sunday, Sept. 8th. I have left forever the quiet duties of my quiet home. Thursday, 5th, we left Norfolk. I would be truly grateful for God's assistance on that day. I feel He strengthened me to take my marriage-vow, and I will trust Him for grace to keep it. * * I find it hard to keep my heart always loving God. Let me remember that this is not my rest. At home we sought strength for the duties of the day. * * I thought of my dear pastor and his flock. Oh! that God would strengthen me for the week's duties. The love of Christ must constrain me to live only for His glory.

"Monday 9th. This world is not our rest."

The remainder of this month was passed in travelling, and the entries in the journal are very brief. The first Sunday in October is thus noticed:

"One month has passed since I received from Mr. C—— the emblems of Christ's body and blood. How have I lived? Has the love of God been the ruling motive in my heart? Many idle thoughts this morning at commu-

nion. Father, forgive me, and help me. I gave ourselves to Him and His glory. My heart is too cold. Christ has died for *me* — I would at least live for Him.

“New York, Oct. 14th. Birth-day. Eighteen years of mercies have passed away. I have commenced a new life, and new duties are before me. Well may I say, who is sufficient for these things? Oh! to be an example of a Christian by my life, words, dress, thoughts, looks; to make religion lovely in others' eyes, to interest others in behalf of Africa, and in the work of winning souls; to aid my husband in his work; to cheer, comfort, counsel, and *obey* him. Our work is great. Let me from this day put away all lightness, and be sober, and watch unto prayer. Let the word of God be the guide of my life. Make me unceasing in prayer, oh! Father. Blessings are around me on every side. Make me truly grateful. * * * Health Thou hast given me, and friends. If Thou sparest my life another year, may I be more wholly Thine, love Thee, and serve Thee with all my heart. Strengthen me for the duties of this day. Give me grace, and put words in my mouth.”

Not long after her departure from Norfolk for the North, she addressed this letter to one of that loved class: —

“NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1850.

“MY DEAR C——.

“Since I left my class, every Sunday morning that has passed has brought them to my mind, and earnestly have I prayed that they may all give their hearts to God. In about two months I will (if God so guide us) reach our home at Cavalla. There I hope to gather round me those whom I may teach of God. But it will be far different there. My sweet little class in Norfolk had often heard the same truths I taught them. But those to whom I go will hear for the first time of the true God. Shall it be that those in Africa will rise to condemn those here? For one, you can answer, my dear C——, and will you not soon? * * * *

“God bless you, and make you His own child. Your affectionate friend,

“VIRGINIA H. HOFFMAN.”

Again she writes to a dear friend: —

“November —, 1850.

“DEAREST D——.

“My heart is full. I must write, and write

just as I feel. The packet sails on the 10th of December. Oh! D——, I long to go; I know not what awaits me, but suffering and sickness will be one part of the cup I shall have to drink; but I would welcome all only to be the weak instrument of winning souls to Christ. Where is our love, our faith, that we see the world going on to ruin, and yet lie on our soft pillows, and *wish* they could be saved?

*“ To die in the path of duty would be sweet—
to live in weariness is sweeter still, if by that life
I may glorify God.”*

Mrs. Hoffman was permitted unexpectedly to visit Norfolk for a day before sailing. It was a precious season to her friends. We gathered about her, and enjoyed sweet communion with her, and mingled our prayers together. Returning to Baltimore, a farewell missionary meeting was held in the Church of the Ascension (Rev. Mr. Killin's), and on the 2d of December, she set sail in the Liberia Packet, for the distant shores of Africa—that continent whose history is so fraught with sorrow and suffering.

CHAPTER VI.

OUTWARD BOUND.

THE African Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church was first established in 1835. It has ever held a high place in the affections of the earnest members of that Church. It has enlisted many of the holiest ministers of the Church in its active service. And who can tell what blessed influences have been poured forth upon the Church at home from this distant Mission? It has awakened the zeal and enkindled the flame of piety anew in many congregations. It has added a precious band to the noble army of martyrs. The names of Minor and Savage, and Messenger, and Horne, and Smith, and others, are carved upon the simple slabs that mark the humble graves upon that pestilential shore.

Let us trace the course of our youthful missionary as she is borne upon the broad bosom

of ocean to join the Mission at Cavalla. We will let her describe the voyage in her letters to friends in her native land.

“LIBERIA PACKET, *Jan.* 3d, 1851.

“MY OWN PRECIOUS SISTER :

“Until this evening we have been pitching and rolling at such a rate that it was impossible to write. I wrote by the pilot when we were at Cape Henry. I watched his beautiful little boat as it left us, and thought it was the last sight of anything near home. This was the day before Christmas ; the wind was fair, and in one hour we were out of sight of land. On the 29th (Sunday) the winds, which had been very high, increased so much that we had no service, either in the cabin or steerage. The decks were washed continually by the waves, and I saw for the first time a storm at sea. At 8 P. M. the captain came and told us we must go down into the steerage, as the waves were so high that he feared the cabin would be washed away. There were sixty emigrants, and the steerage was dimly lighted by one lantern, the door of which was fastened by a padlock. As there

is powder in the hold, the emigrants were not allowed to have lights. The people were groaning and crying. We had prayers there; and on the captain assuring them that there was no danger, they became more quiet. It was truly awful, but I felt that we were safe in the hands of Him who ruleth the sea. 'The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.' At 12 the captain came down and told us that the waves had subsided, and that we could go to our cabin.

"There is much that is beautiful and glorious on the ocean. The waves dash around and over us, and the white caps are continually sprinkling us. I have stood and watched the ship as it rested for an instant on the summit of a wave, and looked far down into the depth beneath, while beyond another wave rose like a mountain behind us. It is all beautiful; and where we can see the hand of the Almighty in it, our thoughts of Him must be exalted and our trust in Him more firm.

"January 10th.—We had service both in the steerage and the cabin on last Sunday. I

have a Sunday-school of thirteen girls. The weather is now quite calm, and I have commenced a regular plan for my daily duties. I go with Mr. Hoffman to prayers in the steerage. Then we read and I study Grébo. At 11½ we have a day-school, and I have become very much interested in my girls; they are so anxious to learn, and though not bright are attentive. At 1 we dine. I lay aside my work at 4 and go out to see the sunset. For the last week these have been very beautiful. I cannot describe them, but this thought came to me—if this is so glorious, what must be the glory of that ‘land that is very far off!’ The sun, like a ball of gold, goes down in a sea of more brilliant light, and after it is gone the western sky for some time is illumined with every hue. On one evening there rose a light-green cloud, which faded as night came on; it was a strong contrast to the golden light around, and, I do not know why, but I loved to look at it; perhaps because it was *land-like*. At 6 we have tea; then I go to prayers in the steerage, and coming up, I take a walk, about twenty feet in extent.” * * * “I know not how to

tell you how full my heart is of joy that I am on the way to a field of labor I already love. God has been so good to me in giving me a cheerful heart, and in making the work of winning souls the sweetest of all work."

"January 15th.—I am now looking out on the Isle of St. Antonio, one of the Cape de Verde Islands. When first discovered, it looked like a line of dark cloud resting on the horizon. As we drew nearer, I could distinguish the high rocks, of a reddish hue, destitute of all kinds of vegetation, rising 7000 feet above the sea. This is our twenty-fifth day out from Baltimore; and if the winds are favorable we could reach Monrovia in five days." * * * "My thoughts have often turned to the possibility of death being very near, and God has made it one of the most happy thoughts. But sister, whether we live or die, may it be our aim to glorify God! may we be found faithful unto death!"

"January 20th.—"We have had bright, beautiful weather since I last wrote. The captain hopes to see Monrovia the last of this week. Yesterday we had service on deck in

the afternoon. I enjoyed it more than any Sabbath since we left."

22d.—"We have some messengers from land to-day: a canary-bird, which flew over the vessel, some butterflies, and a *grass-hopper!*"

25th.—"God has heard the prayers offered for us, and brought us to the haven where we would be! At about 4 last night the captain called 'Land ho!' It was Cape Mount, forty miles from Monrovia. On going out this morning, we could distinguish the trees on shore. We will probably reach Monrovia by 12 M."

To another dear friend she wrote, on the 13th of January,

"MY MUCH-LOVED D——

"These words so truly speak my feelings .
that I must write them to you :

"'There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.'

"Severed as we have been for three weeks from the presence of Christian friends, it has

rendered our communion with them by prayer doubly sweet. I cannot tell you the comfort it gives me to think that you are praying for us. When the storms came which threatened to overwhelm us we were saved, and was it not in answer to prayer? I have before me my last parting from you all. Mr. C's book, given to me as we parted, is indeed a treasure. Never can I cease to bless God that he was my pastor."

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW HOME IN AN OLD WORLD.

ON the 29th of January the packet was anchored off Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. On this date she thus writes :

‘As we neared Monrovia we saw dark spots on the water, which as they neared us we found to be canoes with two or more Kroomen in each. They form the class employed by the vessels; they leave their families and build huts on the coast until they have ‘plenty money;’ then they return to their wives. As we first saw them they wore straw hats with a piece of calico around the crown; before they came on board the cloth from their hats was placed around their waists. A strange sight it was to me. These Kroomen are tall, finely formed, and of the color of mahogany; they seemed struck by my complexion.”

And now for the first time she is to touch the shores of Africa.

“Monday morning, at 10,” she writes, “I was lowered into the boat by a chair, and was rowed by four Kroomen to this long looked-for land. Everything is beautiful here; a paradise, but for sin; everything so green and luxuriant. We now feel as if we were almost at home.”

The long voyage is at last ended, and the next letter tells of all her joy in reaching her new home in the heathen land.

CAPE PALMAS, *February 11th, 1851.*

“MY OWN BELOVED SISTER :

“I cannot tell you of all the full stream of gladness which now fills my heart. The land so long thought of and wished for is reached at last, and with a firmer resolution I repeated, *while health and life are spared, this is my home.* We left Bassa on Thursday morning the 6th, and reached Sinoe on Friday morning. I went on shore Saturday morning, and visited a number of persons, one, an Episcopalian, we found there from the South. I felt that she was a sister. She seemed to love to speak of the days we all observe. We left Sinoe

on Saturday evening, and on Monday at 12 o'clock, came in sight of Cape Palmas. Mr. Hening's house, six miles this side the Cape, we saw plainly as we passed on to anchor by Palmas. I do not know that I told you they had called their place Mount Hope. At six in the evening, we anchored near a beautiful green mount, on which the light-house is built. I had packed everything during the morning, and had only to put on my bonnet, and get into a boat. We saw Mr. Rambo standing on the shore, and in a little while we were shaking hands with him. (All well.) We walked to the Governor's, and at his wife's invitation, spent the night there, instead of going to the Catholic Mission House, where our mission has two rooms.

“While we were passing Mount Hope, some Kroomen came in canoes, and Mr. H. sent a note to Mr. Hening; and early on Tuesday morning, we saw men with a hammock on the beach. It was Mr. Hening; he came alone, as Mrs. Hening was not quite well. I was pleased to find him so well and cheerful, though perfectly blind. I spent part of the morning at Gov. Russworm's, and part at the

mission store. After dinner, I received some *bridal calls*.

“February 12th. — I feel very well, though it is warm; but there is a pleasant sea-breeze. Last evening, we went to Mount Vaughan, in a two-seat carriage, drawn by four natives. Mount Vaughan is three miles from the Cape. We arrived there at six, and just as we got out of the carriage to walk up the hill, we heard the bell ringing for service. I cannot tell you how sweetly it sounded. At Mount Vaughan Mrs. Thompson lives, and boards the boys, who are taught by Mr. James Gibson. At the foot of the hill is a little chapel, where we went to service at 7½. Mr. H. read the service and preached. We slept in a room which had only clap-boards on the inside, a shelf in one corner for a wash-stand, a native mat, and native cloth on the table, and a nice bed. Early this morning, I visited the graves of the two Mrs. Savages, Mr. Messenger, and Miss Cogshall. Then we came from the Mount to the Cape; and I write from the mission store, seated on a box — natives all around me; and Kardi, who used to carry Mr. H. in his canoe down the lake.

'Tis a sad sight, in passing through their towns, to see the gree-grees before their houses, and on the men, women, and children, often their only covering. I can scarcely believe that we are in an unhealthy climate, so beautiful is the vegetation, and the people are so happy and contented. I have seen Dr. McGill, who will be my physician, and find him pleasant and intelligent. I can with perfect confidence trust him; God will, I trust, bless his skill.

“February 12th.—Mr. Payne has just arrived, and given us a Christian brother's welcome, with dear little notes from Miss Williford and Mrs. Payne, which I will send you, that you may see what dear kind friends are here to welcome us.

“February 24th.—Two weeks, dear sister, have passed since we landed, and I have been so well and so happy. On the evening of the day I last wrote you (the 12th), we went up to Rocktown. We did not reach Mr. Henning's until late in the evening. His house stands on a high piece of ground, very near the sea. It is new, and looks very neat. We

had met a great many of their friends, so that our time passed in conversing about them.

“If Mr. Hoffman’s duty did not call him here to Cavalla, I should rejoice to remain there.

“On Thursday afternoon, we left Rocktown, and came to the Cape. Friday, the 14th, we were placed in a canoe at the head of Shepherd’s lake, and paddled by Kardi for eight miles. The shores of the lake are shaded by the mangrove, which grows like the banyan tree, but the roots are under the water. The color of the foliage here is peculiar—it is such a rich green. When we reached Kardi’s town, he stopped the canoe, and his wife brought me his little girl; the poor little thing was only three weeks old, and it was loaded with beads and rings—some of the beads were of the size of pigeons’ eggs. She gave me a “dash” (a present) of a fowl, for which they always expect something double the value; crowds of children waded into the water, to get pins from us.

“At the end of the lake, Mr. Payne, who

had been riding on the donkey, joined us, and we took our hammocks. It was a bright moonlight night, and our way lay along the sea-beach. As I laid in my hammock, thinking how often in thought I had followed Mr. Hoffman along this path, I could not realize that I was in Africa, and near Cavalla."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME AND LIFE AT CAVALLA.

MRS. HOFFMAN's reception at Cavalla was hearty, warm, and most affectionate. The missionaries already there rejoiced to welcome her to their feeble band. She thus describes it:—

“When we were near the ‘big town’ through which we have to pass to reach the station, the school-children met us. After going through the town, we passed under an avenue of cocoa-nut trees, which leads to the door of the Mission House. Before I could get out of the hammock, Mrs. Payne and Miss Williford bent over me and kissed me. The parlors in this country are all up stairs. They led me up, and on the tea-table were beautiful flowers, a wedding-cake, &c. I went into my room, and found flowers there also. The parlor faces the west, and has a piazza on two sides. My room is back of it,

separated from it by a passage and stair-case. There is a piazza on one side, part of which is enclosed for a dressing-room. One window opens towards the east, and looks out upon the Christian village, where nine who were educated in our schools have settled and married. Two other windows look toward the south, and the blue ocean spreads out before us. These windows are shaded by three cocónut trees. Can you form any idea, now, of my home, dear sister? It is a beautiful one, and more than that, it is a happy one, for God's blessing rests upon it.

"April 1st. — Seven weeks have passed, dear sister, and still God preserves my health; I have not had anything like fever, but I feel very weak. The Packet has arrived, and in a week leaves again, and takes Mr. Payne from us. He has promised to visit Norfolk on his way to Savannah, where Mrs. Payne's sister resides. It will not be until after his consecration. Mrs. Payne will feel his absence very much; they have been for so many years together here. Mr. Hoffman has all Mr. Payne's duties, which keep him very much occupied. I am in my room all the

morning, studying Grebo and writing. Mr. H. is in school and about the lot. Now that the church is commenced, he is gathering the materials; every perch of rocks is paid for by yards of cloth, measured to some twenty women; and other work is paid for in the same way. After dinner, Mrs. Payne, Miss Williford and I sew together in the parlor, and any of the natives who wish, come to see us. The gentlemen go out to preach, and we sometimes meet them on their return. There are beautiful walks to some of the native towns, though the paths are only wide enough for one person. You may think of us as occupied in this way for some time to come. It is very hard for me to be so quiet, for there is so much I might do; but I hope by this means to work longer in this land; and even now I can pray for a blessing on the labors of those with us.

“While Mr. Payne is in America, he hopes to get funds for building a girls’ school-house. The one Miss Williford uses now is not as large as one of your parlors, and the girls eat in the same room; above it is a garret-room, where they sleep upon mats on the floor. You

well know how hard it is to make them neat, but we hope to have everything arranged properly when the new one is built. There are twenty-five girls with us now, and many of them are very bright-looking children. I have a little namesake living in town, and Mr. Hoffman has one in the Christian village. How amusing it would seem to you, could you see us in our walks, followed by crowds of native children ! I long to be able to speak their language, that I may talk with them."

As yet, Mrs. Hoffman had not entered upon her special duties as a missionary. She was not prepared to converse with the natives, and it was deemed prudent to defer her labors in the school until she had become in some degree acclimated. Her time was chiefly occupied in the study of Grebo, and in home duties in the mission family at Cavalla. Her longing to enter upon her great work of teaching the heathen of Christ was very earnest, while at the same time her life was one of unbroken happiness amidst the congenial society of her sister missionaries.

March 26th, she thus writes to a friend :—
"We have been at our Cavalla home, dear

E——, for seven weeks. God still preserves my life and health. I have no symptom of fever, though the season for the acclimating process to commence is, after sleeping on shore, three weeks. I know not how to be grateful enough to God for this blessing. I hope to be able to give myself wholly to Him, to labor for these people. I have accompanied Mr. H. twice on Saturday afternoons, when he went to call the people to church, with an interpreter. I get acquainted with the people, and learn where they live. Their houses are scattered about the town so irregularly that you have to wind around them — and we often get perplexed. As soon as I am strong enough (though that may not be for some months), I hope to go one afternoon in each week, and talk with the heathen women, and tell them of Jesus. But, dear E——, you must pray for us, that we may have faith. These people hear us, and receive us kindly; but they are carnal — they do not know what we mean when we talk of being spiritual. God must teach them, and on His mighty power alone we can rely.”

It was determined that Mr. and Mrs. Hoff-

man should remain at Cavalla as assistants to the Rev. Mr. Payne, in the mission work in that vicinity. Cavalla occupies a beautiful site in view of the Atlantic, and twelve miles from Cape Palmas. A Christian village was growing around it, composed of converted natives, while all around were thousands of heathen, members of the Grebo tribe, among whom the missionaries went almost daily, preaching the Gospel of Christ. Heretofore the chapel occupied for worship on Sunday had been a frail building of wood, and now was falling into ruins from the effects of the climate.

During Mr. Hoffman's sojourn in the United States in the previous year, he had brought before the churches at home the need of a new church edifice at Cavalla, and solicited aid for this purpose. Liberal donations had been made to him, and on his return to Africa, the work of building a church was at once commenced.

The 18th of March, 1857, was a joyous day to the mission family at Cavalla, when the corner-stone of *the Church of the Epiphany* was laid in hope and faith and prayer to God.

Of this event Mrs. Hoffman thus writes under date of April 4th :

“Those dear friends who have aided in bringing this to pass may like to know how pleasant the ceremony was. Mr. and Mrs. Hening and Mr. Rambo were here. At 3 P. M. we all walked to the boys’ school-house. Mr. Rambo read the service and Mr. Payne delivered an address, consisting of simple English sentences; for there were a great many natives present who have learned from the vessels some few words. We then walked to the site of the church, which commands a beautiful view of the sea; all the school-children (to the number of sixty), the married Christians, and the natives walking with us, made quite a long procession.

“Mr. Hoffman spoke to the natives and Enoch Lowe interpreted for him; Mr. Payne offered a prayer in Grebo, and we sang the hymn ‘From all that dwell below the skies.’ Mr. Hening offered the closing prayer, and we went back to the house just as the sun was setting. We had sought a blessing on our work, and we felt that it was safe when in God’s hands. The heathen people seem

pleased with the prospect of having a 'God's house' among them, though it is only because it gives them a name. The poor chapel we worship in now is almost in ruins; there are air-holes in all sides. The church is to be built of stone (wood lasts such a little while here). It is a great labor to get the materials together, as we have no beasts of burden. The women have brought all we have used on their heads."

Her journal at this period is full of interest.

"April 13th.—I did not go to church this morning, but read the service with loved ones at home. I am glad I could leave them for Christ's sake. My evil feelings must be overcome by thinking of other things—of God, of Christ.

"This is Passion-week, and I would fast and spend much time in prayer. Many loved ones will join me—sister, E. and A. We are one, and in heaven we must soon meet.

"18th, Good-Friday.—Read only a little before prayers. Between prayer and breakfast read Bradley's sermons. After breakfast thought of last year; read and prayed for all

I knew. It was a sweet pleasure to think of them all. I pray for more whole-heartedness this year to live only to work for God; to be humble, as Christ stooped so low for me, so evil; and can I not yield to those who are better than I? If God spares my life to this year's end, may I be found more holy, more self-denying!

“19th, Easter Even.—At 5 o'clock in the afternoon I walked into the garden, through the lily-walk, into the grave-yard. There I read the 212th hymn (‘Lo, what a cloud of witnesses!’) knelt down and prayed for E——, and A——, and myself, that we might live wholly unto God. I think Christ is now *all* in *all* to me. I prayed that we might meet in heaven. As I looked up the calm, pure sky was above me. *Our* prayers meet at His throne. For our work I prayed. God did seem precious as my Father.”

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AT CAVALLA.

“On Alpine heights a little flower
From its snow-cradle soft doth reach,
And with its tiny hands beseech
Thy vesture-hem, Eternal power.

“And straightway help of Heaven descends;
And vital influences run
Down golden ladders of the sun,
And pleading life wins spirit-friends.

“Thus souls in barrenest solitude
Oft bring the kindly powers down,
To lighten on them with a crown,
Or cheer them with immortal food.”

It has been our purpose in this memoir to permit the beloved subject of it to tell the story of her life as far as possible in her own words; we therefore design to make the fullest use of her letters as the test-record of her life of labor for Christ.

On the 7th of April she records the following interesting incident:

“I wish, my dearest D——, you could

have looked in upon us yesterday (Sunday) morning. We were up very early, and at 7 we were all gathered in the boys' school-house to witness the baptism of one of the Christian women's children, who takes my name. The mother's name was Helen White. She married one of the boys who was in the school, named John Wimer. Both were pious, and he was a teacher. On his death she was obliged to marry his brother, who is a heathen, as her betrothment-money had not been paid when she was a child. (The way this is now prevented is by the mission paying the girl's parents the same sum they would receive from a husband. She then has a right to marry whom she likes.) Virginia Hoffman is Helen's first child by her second marriage. The little creature had on a white dress, and truly looked very sweetly. Mr. Hoffman baptized her.

"Yesterday was Communion Sunday, and the last time Mr. Payne will be with us for a long period. Helen and George Carraway were there, in a native dress, which with them is a very large cloth. The others dress as we do, as they are living in the Christian village.

It is indeed pleasant for us to look upon them, and think of them as redeemed from such a depth of sin. It was communion season with you also; and I felt that we were truly united in heart when meeting at the table of the Lord."

The Rev. Mr. Payne, who had labored so faithfully for the past fifteen years in the African Mission, had been elected with great unanimity at the General Convention of 1850, Missionary Bishop of Cape Palmas and the adjacent territory. He was now about to return to this country for consecration.

It was a day fraught with the deepest interest to the friends of missions, and especially to that honored Seminary from which, as a second Antioch, he had gone forth to his sublime work, when this beloved servant of Christ was consecrated a Bishop of the Church of God. This interesting event took place in St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, Bishop Meade presiding, assisted by Bishops Lee, Eastburn, and Johns.

By the departure of Mr. Payne from Cavalla, Mr. Hoffman was left in charge of the mission family at that place.

April 17th, Mrs. Hoffman thus writes: "The packet sailed on the 11th, taking Mr. Payne from us. Mrs. Payne is very cheerful, though we know how much she must miss him, as we all do. Mr. Hoffman feels the responsibility to be very great.

"This is our usual lecture evening; but as to-morrow is Good Friday, Mr. H. has deferred the service till then.

"I have been with you very often this (Passion) week, and the pleasant seasons I have passed with you, and the means of grace we have shared together, have been often in my remembrance.

"Our missionaries have not the strength, had they the time, and did they deem it expedient, to have additional services during Lent. A Christian native is indeed 'a babe in Christ,' and has to be led as a child.

"It has truly been a great comfort to me to know how many prayers have been offered for us. When I would see Mr. Hoffman so wearied, and yet so many things which must be done, I could trust that day by day strength would be given him in answer to prayer, and

so it has proved, for in body and mind he has been sustained."

"April 24th. — Easter Sunday has passed, and I have not been able to write before, to tell you how much I thought of you then, as on last Easter day we knelt together at the table of the Lord. We had communion here, and it was a sweet season for us all.

"I am going through my acclimation in a quiet way, and slowly. This is a trying time of the year to all of us. The end of the dry season is warmer, and our strength has been exhausted by the continued heat.

"Mrs. Payne and I walked last evening to Nyarro, to meet Mr. Hoffman, who had gone on a 'jenny' to Wappika, where there is war among the natives. A battle had been fought in the morning, but he found them all quiet. They never fight but once a day, and their mode of warfare is quite new to me. Two parties advance, leaving a good distance between. One man from one side runs out and fires into the other party, and runs back. Then one from the other side runs out, fires, and runs back. They know so little about firing straight, that lives are seldom lost. We

did not meet Mr. H., and found we were a long way from home, with a thick brush to be passed, where leopards are said to be found. We walked as fast as the heavy sand would permit us, and reached home safely. Mr. H. only laughed at our fear of the leopards, as I believe they only attack goats. I feel so much better after exercising, that I think of taking a ride on 'Jenny,' the donkey, as she is so gentle."

"April 29th. — Mr. Hoffman sent for me to come to town, and see a 'palaver.' I made my way to the Bodio's, and found fifty old men seated in a circle on the ground. The judge sat in a chair; the men were dressed in their finest clothes. The case was brought by a man who had married a wife from the Bush country, and had paid a bullock for her. She ran away, and he demanded the bullock of her people. They refused, and he brought the case before his people. The old men have great authority in the town. After watching the 'palaver' a little while, we walked to some of the houses to tell them 'Sunday come.' I cannot help feeling impatient to get among them, and to be able to speak to

them. It is a common exclamation when they see me, 'Oh! she is young!'

"During the last two weeks I have been translating the Grebo hymns in the morning, and it is such a pleasure now to understand them when we sing."

The missionary work among the heathen is especially a work of *faith* and *patience*. Long years must be spent in preparing the soil and sowing the seed; and, like the husbandman who waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it until he receive the early and the latter rain, so the missionary in a heathen land must be content to *wait* for the precious fruit of his labors for Christ. Mrs. Hoffman was permitted to see many precious souls won to Christ from time to time through the instrumentality of her toil and the labors of her fellow-missionaries. She records one of these instances under date of May 1st:—

"I know you will rejoice with us, dear D——, over one of our school children. She came to Mrs. Payne on Monday evening, and said she thought her heart was changed. She is naturally disposed to be wayward, but lately

she has been very obedient. Her name is Sarah Morgan. We rejoice over her with trembling, for Satan's power is mighty here. * * * I think I told you in Baltimore that a bell had been given to our church. To-day it was brought from the Cape, and the men rang it as they came. We heard it a long distance, and it sounded like the music of the Sabbath-bells of a Christian land."

"May 15th. — Sarah still continues to lead a consistent life. She is humble and gentle, and we hope grace will be given her to continue steadfast."

The following incident illustrates one of the saddest of African superstitions: —

"I was painfully reminded on Tuesday afternoon, that we were in a heathen land. A man named Prince came into the parlor; he spoke broken English, and told Mrs. Payne that his people were going to give him 'sasa-wood.' A man had died among his people, and the men bearing the body to the grave ran against his house: they believe that the body influences them to go against the house of him who bewitched or killed the dead man. He (Prince) had gone to another town, and

was trying sasa-wood in small quantities ; if it does not injure him, he will go to his own town, and take it before his people. If it does injure him, so that he thinks it will kill him, he will stay away from his own town, and will lose his reputation. This is the worst of their heathen customs, and one which thrills my heart to think of. Last Saturday I walked with Mr. H. to Oradade, the town which I intend visiting regularly. The situation is more beautiful than I know how to describe. The path to it runs under large spreading trees ; on one side was a little glen — the bushes on every side hung with a vine, the leaves of which were like those of the convolvulus. In walking through the town, we would often catch glimpses of the ocean between the houses. I enjoy going out among them, though it is sad to see them in their degradation ; yet I know that we bring them light, and I trust and believe that some will receive it.”

CHAPTER X.

LIFE AT CAVALLA.—CONTINUED.

ON the 19th May, Mrs. Hoffman received the first letters from home since their departure. Five months had elapsed, and she had heard nothing from the friends left behind her. Her happiness seems to have been exceeding great, and she thus gives expression to it:—

“You cannot tell how my heart is beating to-night. I am a stranger in a strange land, yet I have here precious letters telling me of your love and prayers. How precious they are, none can know till they leave heart-friends, and place the ocean between them; they kindle afresh my zeal, and remind me of what I ought to be, when so many prayers are offered for me. You may well say, my precious friend, that you think of me ‘in a happy light,’ for I am surrounded with blessings. It has gladdened us to see that three missionaries are going to China. We hope

now that others may be stirred up to come here."

The same kind friend to whom she thus writes, had sent her by the same packet a present of a melodeon. May 22d, she says:

"Last evening your precious gift came. What a source of pleasure it will be to me! I sat down this morning and learned 'Gloria in Excelsis,' to play for Mr. H., when he comes home to-night."

From her first arrival in Africa, Mrs. Hoffman seems to have been deeply impressed with the natural beauty of the country. The dark, rich and dense foliage of the tropics — the clustering vines gracefully festooning the trees — the lofty cocoa and palm trees — the groves of the sweet-scented orange — the variety of strange and many-colored flowers, all combine to form a panorama of ever-changing beauty. In a letter written a few months after her arrival, she thus speaks: —

"June 5th. — God has made this land very lovely. Sometimes, when walking on the sea-shore, we have sat down, and watched the sun setting behind the hills, casting on the rich foliage of the hill-tops its mild rays —

giving a parting blessing to the beautiful cocoa-nut trees which shade our home, then sinking and leaving all dark.

“I have looked over this lovely scene, and the thought arose, alas! this people love not Him who has made their home almost an Eden! How like nothing seemed our feeble efforts! Then I remembered the words of the Psalmist, ‘Be still, and know that I am God.’

“Though in the natural world the sun rises here without warning, and sets leaving no trace, yet not so will the Sun of Righteousness arise; and I believe over our home the light is gathering that tells of His coming. I am not yet performing missionary duties, yet prayer is left me — and the relieving my husband from the many secular duties, that he may go and preach the word of our God.

“We know not if they will hear or forbear, but we have the promise that God’s word *shall* accomplish that whereunto He sends it.”

For four months after her arrival she was blessed with uninterrupted good health, and had so far escaped the fever of the country. In the early part of June, she had her first

attack of chills and fever, but in so slight a form, that she did not require the attendance of a physician. The season, too, had been very sickly, and among the deaths in the colony was that of Gov. Russworm, governor of the Maryland colony, a friend to the mission, and a sincere Christian. The period of the year is one marked by some peculiarities. In the latter part of June, the salt-winds begin to blow, and continue until September. These winds are cold and damp. During all this season no rain falls, though it is cloudy all the time. The trees on the coast lose their leaves, and all shrubs that are not sheltered from the sea-breeze. In September the latter rains fall, and it is the African spring. The dry season corresponds to our winter.

Mrs. Hoffman was now, however, to pass through the process of acclimation, and for many succeeding weeks, days and nights of weariness and suffering were appointed her.

"From the first week in June until the last of July," she writes, "I have been subject to attacks of intermittent fever." This dreary period of sickness was cheered by the arrival of two of the U. S. ships of war, the John

Adams and the Germantown, belonging to the squadron on the Coast of Africa. These vessels had sailed from Norfolk, the home of her dear friends, and many of the officers were well known to her.

“Dr. S——,” she writes July 29th, “sent me a beautiful little basket full of letters. Capt. B—— sent me some Madeira wine and some delicious cherry-bounce, which has given me a better appetite than anything I have taken. These officers sent very kind notes, and I longed to see them coming from a home so dear, but I hope for that pleasure yet.”

The letters by this arrival brought tidings of the interesting work of grace in the churches of Norfolk in the spring of the year 1851. This work had been distinguished by the accession of fifty colored persons in a body to the communion of Christ Church in that city. Over this fact she rejoiced with great joy. “Often,” she writes, “as I had thought what could be done by our Church for the colored people in Norfolk, I could see no way to answer it. But with God all things are possible. Do write me of their con-

tinuance in attendance upon our services. It was an earnest wish of my heart during Lent that the windows of heaven might be opened, and such a blessing poured out upon you that there would not be room enough to receive it. But my faith reached not to the colored people in Norfolk, and the news you wrote was *glad tidings indeed!* I feel almost impatient to hear that a church is begun for them. There will be obstacles and objections, but why the command to ‘walk by *faith* and not by *sight*, if there were none of these? May God’s blessing rest upon your new school (the colored school). Though you may labor long and see no fruit, you must remember our labor here; but by the grace of God, Hope grows more sure, and Faith brightens, alone resting on the promises of the unchanging God. * * * You will be glad to hear that the foundation of our church is rising gradually above the ground.”

The months of July and August continued remarkably unhealthy, even among the natives. So many of these died that they ceased for a time giving the fatal sassa-wood, as they were unwilling to lose any more of

their people. During this period Mrs. Hoffman suffered from time to time with sickness, and was unable to engage in the duties of the mission. The duties chiefly devolving upon the ladies of the mission were the instruction of the children in the schools, (at that time numbering seventy,) conversation with the heathen women, and the aiding in lightening the burdens of the devoted servants of Christ who went forth daily to preach the gospel.

Mrs. Hoffman longed to take her place among her sisters in the mission family, but bore with cheerfulness and submission her long-continued sickness and weakness. "I would not," she says, "have spared one hour of my past sickness; for it has been blessed of God to teach me much that I knew not."

The 14th day of October, 1851, brought round her nineteenth birth-day; but eighteen years of life passed, yet four of them "in Christ" and nearly one year in the missionary service! Truly, hers was

"A flower offered in the bud,
And no mean sacrifice."

*

She notices its return thus:

“October 14th, *my nineteenth birthday*.—May I have grace to consecrate myself anew to God more and more entirely! I trust I have learned a little of the evil in my heart, and that I am longing to live a more holy life. Life is uncertain here. O Lord, give me those dispositions that are meet for heaven.

“November 7th.—Wholly would I be God’s. I would hate sin and love holiness. My Bible shall be my guide. I seek a heavenly and meek spirit—wisdom to aid my husband.”

The return of this month brought the warm season, and with it restoration of health to this youthful servant of Christ. And with renewed health she entered upon her special duties as a missionary. She commenced to teach a Bible class in the boys’ school. “They first read in English,” she says, “and then translate it into Grebo. I enjoy teaching them very much, as they are really good boys, and obedient to me; but they are very different from any scholars you have ever seen.”

“November 6th.—It is just four years since I was confirmed. I can look back and say with my whole heart,

‘O happy day, that stayed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!’

“I feel now more need of working out my own salvation with fear and trembling, and that Christ must be my all. My Bible is more precious. I feel that I need a meek and quiet spirit, and more love to Jesus.

“I trust that my process of acclimation is completed, and with how much mercy! I have been able to make such a pleasant visit to a town called Do-Do-Lu, with Mr. H. I rode on the donkey, and on the way met our little cart, and *little* oxen, bringing stones for the church. When we reached the town I dismounted and went into the little chapel. We sang a hymn in Grebo, and Mr. Hoffman spoke, Freeman Clarkson acting as interpreter. Old and young men, and children came to the service, but only one woman. After the service we talked with them awhile, and I remounted my donkey and rode home along the shore. Dabe, a poor leper, who

had held a chair for me while getting into the saddle, followed us all the way to get a leaf of tobacco for his services. Oh, dear D——, I am so thankful to be here! and I am now quite well.”

“November 21st.—I have been occupied during the past week translating Genesis and the Commandments into Grebo, and have been teaching them to my class. We have been grieved lately by the bad conduct of some of our scholars who are Christians; but we have the letters of St. Paul to comfort us, as he suffered in like manner.

“Mr. Hoffman is reading to me the life of Mr. Lowrie, a Presbyterian missionary to China. He was a lovely character, and it does us good to read of his faith.”

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE AT CAVALLA.—CONTINUED.

THE new year dawned brightly upon her. Health had been restored, and she was about to enter upon the more active duties of the mission. "At the beginning of this new year," she writes, "I am able to fully enter upon my duties, and trust that I shall not be interrupted in them by ill-health. God's will, not mine, however, be done, I would still say; for He sees how we best can glorify Him. I intend to spend most of the morning in the boys' school, recite Grebo in the afternoon, and spend the evening in other duties; and I wish to give two afternoons in each week to the people in town."

The year just closed had been to her the most eventful one of her life; marked by much suffering, yet brightened by great spiritual blessings. To a friend who had sent her a present of the volume entitled "Green

Pastures for the Lord's Flock," she thus writes, under date of January 7th, 1852:

"During the past year my way has not always seemed to lie among green pastures; there have been mountains sometimes over which I could not see, and the path has wound through narrow passes in the rocks, and dark and steep places were before me, down which I dared not look, and my only guide was the light from above. Yet many times I have come to an open space, and have seen the end of my journey all fair and bright. This is my inner life; for outwardly God has not withheld one blessing from us.

"January 15th.—This week I have been in school, and have the classes quite well arranged. To my surprise, the boys have been very good. I am making much stricter rules than they have been accustomed to. I am very much interested in them, and wish every day that I could stay in school longer. I have a Bible class, geography, arithmetic, and spelling classes; I am writing-teacher also, but I fear you will think I need to take lessons myself.

"We have this day buried one of our

teachers, and our best interpreter (Menu, or E. M. Lowe). He was absent from the station when he died, having gone with his wife to see her relatives. His funeral took place here. We all went to the school-house, accompanied by many of the natives. Mr. H. read the service, and we then walked to the grave-yard, which is in one corner of the garden. We were glad to have the natives present, as their funeral ceremonies present such a strong contrast to ours."

"February 10th.—One year ago to-day we anchored off Cape Palmas, and my life in Africa began. Each day has the good hand of our God been upon us, and now I am as well as when I first trod on this heathen land. I little thought I should enjoy such health here, and I wait still for what may be God's will."

"February 12.—This is the afternoon I have a little school in Orank-Idade. I went out and found about twenty children, some of them the same that came last week, and they remembered some things I had told them before. I wish you could look in upon us. One of the school-girls and myself take

our seats on low stools in a large native house, and the children sit on the floor around. We begin with prayer; then I tell them something from the Bible; then repeat a verse of a Grebo hymn, and the Lord's Prayer, which they recite after me; then the alphabet. There are many young girls who come, and often a number of women gather around. How I long that they should receive the Word into their hearts! They hear, and understand it with the mind, but the Spirit must reach their hearts."

The mission was now to lose two of its most faithful and efficient laborers. The Rev. Mr. Hening, who had so faithfully performed his part, had 'become, some time before this period, totally blind. Yet, in the midst of this "cloud and ever-during dark," he continued to preach Christ to the heathen, being led about upon his journeys of mercy. His health, however, now became more seriously impaired; and after repeated attacks of dangerous illness, it was deemed best that he should return to this country, accompanied by his wife. The departure of Mrs. Hening was a sad event to Mrs. Hoffman.

From her first arrival in Africa she had been drawn to her by a strong attachment, and this had ripened into a close and fervent friendship. By a singular providence, this excellent Christian woman was led to the house of Mrs. Hoffman's sister to die. In the month of June, 1853, we watched around her dying-bed; and it was a touching sight to behold the blind husband and minister of Christ bending over the face whose pallor of death he could not see, and breaking to her with his own hands the bread of the Lord's Supper. Never will the writer of these pages forget the sweet peace and triumph of that Christian death-bed.

"Can you give me up?" was her question to him who would so keenly feel her loss, and to whom she had been eyes and feet amidst his darkness.

"Yes," was the quick reply, "to Him who has loved you with a love far surpassing that of mortal, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to the blessed company of the blood-washed before the throne."

It was a beautiful summer evening, when,

attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends, we laid her dust to rest in the quiet cemetery at Norfolk, by the side of two of the former pastors of Christ Church, who rest from their labors.

While the Rev. Mr. Hening was on his weary way to his native land, others were already on the same ocean, speeding their way to fill up the gap made by sickness and death among the little band of Christ's servants in Africa. In the month of May, 1852, Bishop Payne, accompanied by Miss Colquhoun and Mr. Rogers, a lay teacher, sailed from Hampton Roads for Cape Palmas.

How anxiously their arrival was looked for, may be gathered from Mrs. Hoffman's letters at this period. Her husband, borne down by the heavy labors of the station, discharged by him alone, had been seriously sick.

May 22d, she writes: "It is Saturday night, 11 o'clock. I wrote to Dr. McGill this morning, asking him to come down and see Mr. H., as he grows worse every day, and he has kindly consented to take a journey of twelve miles, and will pass the Sabbath with us. Oh! could some of our ministers see my husband

ill from fatigue, which he could not avoid — no one to direct the affairs of the station, and no minister to preach to the people — would they not come and help us? Yet why do I write thus? If the love of Christ constrain them not, no other motive will. But when I think of it, I long for the tongue of fire to rest upon God's people in my native land.

“You may imagine with what longing eyes we look towards the broad ocean, and watch for the white sails which will bring our dear Bishop and other help to our relief.”

Mrs. Payne was also at this time prostrated by a severe attack of sickness, and at one time her life seemed in danger. The whole care of the house and the schools devolved upon Mrs. Hoffman and Miss Williford, in addition to the nursing of the sick.

June 4th, she writes: “Mr. Hoffman is much better. How our hearts beat at every noise, thinking it may be the Bishop! Sometimes I think that we are looking to him for too much happiness. God will make us wait His will, and wait until we are more ready to leave all our time in His hand.

“June 21st.—No tidings of the Bishop yet. Mrs. Payne is much better.”

It is deeply interesting to trace the path of growing conformity to Christ, and meetness for heaven, by which God led His child in the midst of these sore trials and days of weariness and suffering. Her letters at this time give us some bright glimpses of her spiritual life, “a life hid with Christ in God.”

To her sister she says: “I bless God for your happiness and health, and for the peace which the love of God brings to you. I hesitate not to say this is my only comfort. All earthly things give pain as well as pleasure; this alone brings peace, calm peace, everlasting peace. To feel our Father loves me!—what can trouble us then?”

Nothing in her whole character was more beautiful than the deep and unfeigned humility and sense of her own unworthiness, in contrast with the exalted opinion her dearest friends held concerning her. It is indeed ever so with the true Christian. Humility is the topstone of Christian graces. It will be so in heaven. Montgomery truly sings—

“The saint that wears heaven’s highest crown,
In lowliest adoration bends!
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.”

In these glowing terms she expresses herself on the receipt of the great kindnesses of her dear friends at Norfolk:—

“Dear loving ones, would that I had an angelic heart or an angelic pen! How can I describe what is now before me. My room is strewn with tokens of your love. I know not how to thank you. I cannot tell you how deep is the spring of joy that gushes up in my heart, deepening at each new name, until my happiness exceeds all bounds. My Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me the love of so many of Thine own children. O! give to them that which I have no power to bestow!

“To God only, my dear D——, must I turn, for I am not worthy of so much love. You know not how cold, how faithless I am!”

Again, under an attack of sickness: “How sweet it is to feel the love of God! Dr. Chalmers, in speaking of our faith in God, and

the realizing of that faith, says: 'Have you never experienced a livelier conception at one time than another of your friend's unwearied regard, trusty attachment, affectionate looks, and benignant countenance?' We know that this is so,—and just as those moments are sweetest when earthly friends are brought near, so are they passing sweet when God manifests himself to us.

"You can hardly understand what a blessing books are to us. Detained, as we often are, by sickness from the house of God, and feeling the need of being ready at all times to instruct, and reprove with all meekness, it is refreshing to read such words of Godly wisdom as come to us from these precious monitors. I have been reading 'Bickersteth's Family Guide to the Gospels.' To me it seems like the breathing of the Holy Spirit. I am now reading 'Bickersteth's Life.' In writing to his sister, he says: 'We should write such letters as we would like to read in heaven.'"

God mercifully vouchsafed to them at times tokens of His blessing upon their labors among the heathen scholars, to cheer them

amidst the gloom of days of sickness and loneliness. Such an incident now occurred in the peaceful Christian death of one of the native boys.

June 23d, she writes : " On the evening of the day on which I last wrote to you, John Contee died. As I came to my room to retire, Mr. Hoffman said that one of the boys had just told him that John slept, but he returned at once to say that it was the sleep of death. We went down and found that it was true. Without a sound the spirit had passed to its rest with God. The difficulty he had in breathing made it almost impossible for him to speak ; but we needed not his dying testimony. Not one of our scholars has been as consistent. The climate of his own home, Taboo, agreed much better with him ; but he would not leave the Mission ; and when sick in town, he asked Mr. H. to let him come to us, if he was going to die. Neither was he willing for any of the heathen women to come near him. Thus are the jewels gathering for the ' many crowns ' of Him whose kingdom soon shall come."

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE AT CAVALLA.—CONTINUED.

AT last, after long waiting and watching in that far-off home, a day of gladness dawned. The little family at Cavalla were quietly seated at breakfast on Wednesday, the 8th of July, when the glad tidings were announced that the vessel was at Cape Palmas with her precious freight, the Bishop, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Horne, Miss Colquhoun, and Mr. Rogers. By the evening, the Bishop was in his own loved house. "None but a loving wife," writes Mrs. H., "who has had the trial, can know the joy to Mrs. Payne."

Bishop Payne returned to his African home with renewed zeal and earnestness. "Last night, at prayers," writes Mrs. Hoffman, "our beloved Bishop offered up such an earnest prayer. It was the outpouring of gratitude, and a new dedication of himself and us to our blessed work. He has returned

to his work with so much earnestness, and a heart full of love and zeal, that we must be cold indeed not to be stirred to diligence by him."

Plans were now formed for enlarging the missionary work, and new stations were established. At Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, a mission-house was at once commenced. Mr. and Mrs. Horne were yet at Cavalla, passing through their acclimation, but were soon to take charge of the station at Rocktown, left vacant by the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hening. The mission-family at Cavalla was augmented by the addition of Mr. Rogers and Miss Colquhoun, who were appointed to assist in the work of the schools. Mrs. Hoffman's health had suffered much lately from the climate, and she had been frequently prostrated by attacks of fever; still she had been able to continue her work of teaching in the boys' school, and it was with deep regret that she yielded her post to another.

"Mr. Rogers," she writes, June 12th, "will, I suppose, take my place in the boys' school. For my own sake I shall be sorry; I love the boys, and it is pleasant to meet

their bright faces every morning, and to teach them of so many things all strange to them. It is a great advantage to them to have a gentleman for a teacher, and I can find enough work among the heathen to occupy me. I have formed a plan for myself, though I have not mentioned it to Mr. H. yet, that when Mr. Rogers is able to take the school I will devote every afternoon to teaching the town children. I have been in the habit of going every Wednesday to one town; then, I shall be able to go to others."

About this period she became deeply interested in the study of the prophecies of the Scripture; and in reading the life of Bickersteth, she was led to adopt the belief held by so many earnest Christians, both in England and America, of the personal advent of Christ, to reign on this earth, surrounded by His redeemed people. Many of the sentiments expressed in her letters, at this time and afterwards, can be understood only by reference to this opinion. July 9th, she writes to her sister, "For one reason alone, above all others, I would love to see you — to tell you of the bright hopes that now

cheer me. I could fill pages, but you have these precious truths in God's holy Word. They are the hopes of my Savior's coming; not, as at first, in great humility, but with His angels, in great glory, and when we His people shall be as priests and kings before Him; sin for ever gone, and 'holiness to the Lord' inscribed on our foreheads, and all our powers employed in serving Him whom having not seen we love, and in whom, though now we see Him not, yet, believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Higher and higher let our aims be, dear sister. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. So let us try to do His will, and we can do all things through Christ strengthening us. 'Complete in Him,' 'our life hid with Christ in God,' ourselves vile earth and miserable sinners, and Christ all in all—let these be our mottoes."

But little variety marked her missionary life. Day after day brought the same round of duties, and oftentimes its portion of suffering. Occasionally this quiet life was cheered by the appearance of a United States man-of-war off the coast. In the month of

August the brig Perry arrived at Cape Palmas, bringing her tidings from home. The commander of the Perry was Captain P., a resident of Norfolk, and an earnest communicant of Christ's Church.

Under date of August 23d, she thus notices his visit to Cavalla: "On Sunday morning I was not able to go to church, but was spending the time reading to Mrs. Horne, when Captain P. arrived, accompanied by R. T. It proved a delightful visit to me. I took them into my room, that they might see how pleasant it was. They dined with us, and the Bishop, with all our family, were delighted with his Christian frankness. They were obliged to leave immediately after dinner, to return to the Cape; but this was not our last meeting with them; for on Monday Mr. H. and I went to the Cape, to take the infant of Mrs. Horne, which Dr. M'Gill had kindly offered to receive into his house, and carry it through the fever, God helping him.

"Monday was a bright day. Captain Pond and three of his officers came on shore in the afternoon. I spent the afternoon in asking

questions about all the dear friends in Norfolk. The Captain wanted me to go on board the Perry, and I was anxious to do so; but while talking to him I felt a chill creeping over me, and was obliged to forego the pleasure."

September 5th brought round the second anniversary of her marriage. "Peacefully and happily," she writes, "has the day passed. I well remember the solemn vows and earnest resolutions, and I feel how far I have fallen below their fulfilment. Perhaps you will wonder how, then, I can say that the day has passed peacefully. But it is Communion-Sunday; and while I have endeavored to find out the depth of sin in my heart, Christ as the Savior of sinners, and as *my* Savior, seemed infinitely precious; the peace which the Spirit gives passeth all understanding. Pray for me, that the remaining years of my life may be better spent."

"Many lessons my Father hast Thou taught me during the past two years; some I hope I have learned. In Thy strength may I strive to pray more for my husband; to walk each day nearer to God; to read, study, and me-

ditate more on Thy word; to speak with my husband more of our home above; in our family to be more loving and holy-minded; to the natives to be more kind, and pray more for them.

“My Father, I am happy in *Thy* love and in *Thy* blessings.”

“October 8th.—I have had a new understanding, this past month, of the blessedness of being ‘*in Christ*.’ I have *felt* it; sometimes I can only *read* of it. M’Cheyne’s life I am just finishing, and it has proved a blessing to me, so Christlike is his character; yet in reading it you do not think of him; everything is Christ alone — Christ *for* us, all our righteousness; Christ *in* us, all our strength.”

Under the same date, she says, “Our work is prospering, and our hearts cannot but be glad. All of our new laborers have safely passed through the fever, and are engaged at their stations. Mr. Rogers has taken the boys’ school, and I now have the sewing-school and the lessons of a young colonist boy to occupy my mornings.

“The Bishop is forming plans for extending the mission-field, and God has blessed

him in them abundantly. The building at Cape Palmas for our Orphan Asylum is progressing rapidly, and in the spring we hope for the missionaries who are to take charge of it. In the towns around Mr. Hoffman has established Sunday-schools, and in two we are trying to get day-schools, to learn the children to read in Grebo. Our boarding-schools are full, and well supplied with good teachers."

October 11th she writes still more cheering news: "I have to tell you of the way in which God is favoring our Monrovia mission by bringing into our ranks an excellent laborer, Mr. Russel. Mr. R. is a colored man with an excellent mind, and self-taught; an humble, earnest-minded Christian, and very energetic. He is now a Methodist clergyman, and has been for years a missionary among the Golah natives, near Monrovia. Believing the system of itineracy to be injurious to any work among these people, he had determined to leave the Methodist Church, but had not yet decided where to go, when Providence led him to Cape Palmas, and he found that we had work in

abundance and but few to do it. He determined to cast in his lot with us, and on the 1st of January next he becomes a candidate for orders. The Bishop wishes him to take a station on the St. Paul's River, near Monrovia, and he will have native Golahs and colonists under his charge. We cannot be too thankful for the accession of Mr. Russel. I believe it is in answer to the prayers of so many Christians interceding for us. Mr. Russell has always been opposed to the excitement in their religious services so common among the colonist members of the Methodist Church. He is also already acquainted with the Golah language."

Another anniversary of her birth was at hand, and found her restored to health, and happy in the great work of her life. On the 14th of October she was twenty years of age, and two of those years had been spent in this life of stern sacrifice and suffering for Christ's sake.

"I must write you a few words," she says, "to tell you my reflections on this my twentieth birth-day. It is a beautiful day, and I am feeling very well, as it is our spring.

Yesterday I went to my little school in town, and enjoyed it very much. On my return I had a play with my little namesake. She is a little darling, though very black.

“I have tried lately to impress upon myself the duty of caring first for my own soul, that it should rest alone upon Jesus, and be altogether fixed upon Him. He is ‘the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley.’ ‘As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, I sat under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste. So shall I be all fair, and no spot in me, and my light shall shine.’

“Oct. 18th, Monday.—We had a very large congregation in town yesterday, and were gratified to find how quiet the people were. We had seen a woman on Saturday just recovering from sassa-wood, and we thought she might make a noisy triumph, as her husband was a great man, and she his head wife.

“Oct. 28th.—I am quite busy now in many ways connected with our work. I love to give my time directly to God. It is a privilege I do not value half so highly as I ought. I have

begun a prayer-meeting with the ladies every Friday night.

“Nov. 1st. — Our hearts were rejoiced yesterday by hearing Samuel, the young colonist, who lives with us, say that he thought God had changed his heart.

“Nov. 7th.—Five years it is since in much ignorance and weakness I gave myself to God. This past year I have grievously sinned in falling short of my duty to Him. What could I say, had I not the precious blood of Jesus in which to wash and be clean? And I would resolve in God’s strength to live this year abiding in Thee my Savior, wholly devoted to Thy service — doing whatever my hands find to find to do — letting no opportunity pass for speaking a word in season.

“A prayerful, loving, and holy life I desire to live, striving in all things to be like unto Thee, O God!

“Nov. 24th. — The Bishop intends having Confirmation at Cape Palmas on Christmas-day, and I hope to go up to the examination at the High School, and remain over Sunday. This week I begin to go on each Thursday afternoon to the large (native) town. Last

Saturday, I had a pleasant visit to the natives. God gave me strength to speak to them of Jesus, and whether they hear or forbear, He has been set before them. I still continue to feel very well, and am surprised at what I am able to do without fatigue.

“I have a sprig of mignonette in bloom, and the fragrance is so *home-like*.

“Dec. 2d.—I wish I could send you a little bud to tell you how well I am. The Bishop says I look quite *American-like*. Yesterday I went to my native school, and afterwards took a long walk with Mr. Hoffman, yet came home stronger than when I left. In my walk I attempted speaking a little Grebo, and found that I was understood. This afternoon I go to Kwia's-town ; it is near our home, and the population is a quiet one. We were so pleased last Sunday in town to hear the native children repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Confession with us in Grebo. They have learned this in the afternoon school.

“Dec. 14th. — I have been so well, lately, that I have been able to go out a great deal, and I have become better acquainted with the native women. It is sad to find how little

they can understand of spiritual things ; how truly the first chapter of Romans describes their condition.

“I am going to send you a little newspaper, printed here, by a young native, educated in our schools. It is printed upon a press owned by our mission. It is called the “Cavalla Messenger,” and is published monthly. We all contribute to it. The Bishop is sending it to some of the Sunday-schools at home, to induce the children to subscribe to it as the mode of leading them to think about the mission.

“The part printed in Grebo is intended for our children here.”

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE AT CAVALLA.—CONTINUED.

THE new year, 1853, opened with bright prospects before this little band of God's servants, laboring to spread the knowledge of Christ among the thousands of Africa's darkened tribes. General good health was enjoyed by all the members of the mission-family; and with hearts expanding with love to the perishing souls around them, they entered with renewed zeal on the work of another year. Besides his duties among the natives, Mr. Hoffman had the pastoral oversight of a church of the colonists at Cape Palmas. For the first time in the history of the mission, Confirmation was administered by the Bishop on Christmas day. In a letter dated January 10th, Mrs. Hoffman alludes to this interesting event, which she witnessed.

“MY DEAREST SISTER:

“The first month of the new year is almost half gone, and I have not written you one word; but my thoughts are often with you, and you have my best wishes and prayers for a happy new year. How pleasant it is to know that there is an unerring Hand weaving the thread of our life, and that not one strand can break until it has accomplished His will!

“I have quite an interesting history to relate to you of our life during the past month. On the 20th and 21st of December the examination took place at the High School situated at Mount Vaughan. Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hoffman, and myself attended it, and on Thursday the girls' school under the care of Mrs. Thompson. Friday we spent at Mrs. C.'s, at the Cape. It seemed quite home-like to see them filling the children's stockings, and Mrs. McGill had two immense dolls, and a little table, set with little dishes, from which the children took breakfast.

“Christmas day we all gathered to witness our first Confirmation. Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Pinckney (a colored man) read the

service, and the Bishop preached. Mr. Horne was not well enough to come down from Rocktown. We trust this service will tend to attach our members more to the Church, for very few of them were brought up in it. The Bishop returned to Cavalla the same evening. We remained, and Mr. Hoffman administered the communion the following Sunday. I have seldom enjoyed my husband's preaching as much as then; his subject was, our full, free, and finished salvation. I could not but feel thankful that it was my husband's office to proclaim such glad tidings. He left me that night, as I was not able to walk out to Mount Vaughan, and I spent the evening with Mrs. B., who had that morning joined with us at communion.

“On Monday the Bishop wrote us that the brig Perry was off Cavalla, and we returned that evening, but too late to see Captain P. Tuesday, the officers were on shore. Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, Mr. H. and I seated ourselves for the first time in a man-of-war's boat, to visit the Perry. I do not wonder that you like it, for I found it charming. Captain P. received us on board, and led me to a sweet,

cool seat on the top of his cabin. He fired off two shells for us to see, and took us to his cabin; which is small but very neat. The table was placed on deck, that we might not be incommoded; and I enjoyed a piece of turkey from one of the islands and a Virginia ham exceedingly. We walked around to see some parts of the ship, and about five returned to the shore. This was my first visit to one of our men-of-war, and truly it was delightful. None of the other ladies could venture, being easily made sea-sick. You cannot tell how *white* all the crew looked to me, and how strange it was to see so many, when we have seen only natives for so long a time.

“That day’s visit raised my spirits very much; it was so sweet to see home faces, and talk about you all, I almost forgot that we were in Africa. Captain P. asked me if we would not be ready to go home when he called again; but I trust we may be able to continue some years yet. Though, if life is spared, I feel that in the course of time we shall need to recruit.

“Since our visit I have had chills, and

have been more prostrated than usual; but I am well now, though weak. This is our warmest season, and I feel the heat very much. Mrs. Payne is in bed with fever, and Miss Williford preparing to go home in April. Our vacation ends this week, and I regret it; for Miss W. is hardly able to keep out of bed. We are expecting daily, however, a reinforcement; Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Miss Freeman."

In the latter part of this month Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Miss Freeman arrived, bringing joy to the hearts of the missionaries, now enfeebled by sickness and exhausting labors. At this time Mrs. Payne, Miss Williford, and Miss Colquhoun were prostrated. Mrs. Hoffman retained a tolerable share of health.

February 15th, she writes, "My husband had an attack of fever last week—the first since last May. Has he not been upheld? He is now well again, though weak. Yesterday completed our two years' residence here; and as we looked back upon the mercies which have encompassed us, we felt that we had abundant cause to make it a day of thanksgiving."

On the 16th of February she was cheered by a visit from another United States vessel, the John Adams, and an interview of several hours with two officers from her own loved Norfolk.

We are left at this period, and for several successive months, with very scanty records of her life. Her health became more delicate, and she was laid aside from many active duties. The whole mission-family at Cavalla suffered also greatly from sickness, and it was determined that Mrs. Payne and Miss Williford should return to this country to seek restoration to health in the more genial climate of the land of their birth. Death, too, entered that happy home, and called to her rest one of its most lovely spirits.

Mrs. Scott (Miss Jane Harrison) was a native of Richmond, Virginia, where, in early life she had "chosen the good part" under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Empie. An earnest, devoted, and active Christian, she felt a longing to consecrate herself to the work of foreign missions, and in 1850 offered herself for the China mission to return with Bishop Boone. Her way not yet being made

easy for her departure, she consented to wait until the providence of God should open a path more clear before her. In 1852 she united her lot with that of the Rev. H. R. Scott, a missionary just appointed for Africa, and leaving a home of comfort and peace, went forth for Christ's sake to tell the heathen of His dying-love. Like Harriet Newel, she was only permitted to see the land of her adoption, and then was called home. But her work was done, and long will her memory be cherished by friends in her native city as one of the precious jewels of the Lord. We find many precious words in Mrs. H's journal at this period : —

“February 27. — Again I would turn my thoughts to Faith, for the little I did so last week showed me how blessed it was. Jesus is the Author and the Finisher of our Faith. I must never doubt God's love in any of his dealings. Abram did not, and he is called the friend of God. O for grace to fit me to bear a like name !

“March 2d. — My prayers are answered, and two of my little God-children are safe

from Satan's wiles. Virginia Clarkson was buried this morning.

"March 5th. — Went to town in the afternoon, but found only a few. Spoke faithfully to some, not to all.

"March 6th.—Had a sweet season of prayer. My faith was confirmed that God is one that heareth prayer, for I learned that Virginia Wisner had died. My three God-children are now safe in His arms, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

"March 15th. — Had a chill on Saturday. At church Sunday all day. Wish to fix my mind on repentance this week. Monday morning felt my chill; was very weak all day.

"May 29th. First Sunday after Trinity.— Since my last date I have been mostly confined to my bed. We spent two weeks at Mount Vaughan the first of this month. I know whose kind hand has sent every pain, and have felt it was for my good. Yet often have I been impatient and fretful, and unmindful of the mercies which He daily sends.

"June 5th, Sunday. — I awoke this morning with something of a grateful heart for my

renewed health, and for my Saviour's love. This is the first Sabbath since March that I have felt well. Oh! my Father, renew my soul after Thine own image by Thy Spirit. Sanctify these past afflictions to me. They will do me no good unless Thou so doest. May I learn more the entire vileness of my own heart, and Christ to be my only hope. To Thee I look to uphold me in the coming hour of trial. I will trust, and not be afraid. Take us and all we have, and use us for Thyself. Mrs. S—— is more unwell; the Doctor is here to see her. None of the ladies but myself are able to attend communion. My Saviour's love seemed sweet. Oh! that it might wholly constrain me.

“June 6th. — Rēbecca (the little maid) came early and said Mrs. S—— was dead. What a lesson to me! Be ye also ready. What a tender rebuke to my murmuring spirit. Oh! my Father, if my hour of trial be Thy appointed time for calling me hence, it is well now; and then let Jesus be my only hope, ‘His righteousness my glorious robe, my beauteous dress.’ None of us are well enough to go to the funeral at four o'clock

this afternoon. I had a light fever. Our plans are all uncertain, but we trust in Thee, oh God; we know that Thou wilt do as it seemeth good, and we say, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'

"July 2d, Saturday. — We came to Mount Vaughan. I was grateful to be here. Sunday, had a hard chill and fever. Monday, July 4th, God brought me out of all my troubles, and gave us a darling daughter, which we give back to Him, praying she may be His from earliest days.

"August 7th. — Through a painful sickness God has brought me, and recovered my strength, and to-day I have endeavored to dedicate myself wholly to Him. * * I pray that we may be filled with the Spirit, and go zealously to our work; and that in all our ways we may be guided by Thy hand, plainly pointing the way we ought to go.

"August 13th. — To-morrow I hope to commemorate our Saviour's love. How great has it been to me, in raising me up from sickness; but greater still, in my redemption. Give me grace to devote myself more wholly to Thee, in praying for my husband, my child, and servant, and in prayer and labor for our

people. His mercies are without number. Give me to feel my weakness and my sinfulness, and to look alone to Jesus.

“Sept. 5th. — Our wedding-day. * * * God has most graciously helped me in ruling my household and controlling my temper. Help me still, O my Father.

“Oct. 9th. — * * Carried our babe to baptism. Our dear little girl behaved well.— ‘Kate Seton.’ We give her to Thee, our God, and believe that Thou dost receive her. We look up to Thee for wisdom to guide her.

“Oct. 14th. — My twenty-first birth-day, and still I am spared and blessed. * * * God has sent many messages during the past year to warn my soul: let me give heed and seek the Spirit more and more. There are solemn duties resting on me in this position. Give me strength, O Father; make me holy in heart and mind, raised above earth, living in heaven — and having tasted the blessedness, let me bring others to it, yea, bring *all*.

“Oct. 31st. — Oh! for a heavenly mind, for watchfulness, that amidst all earth’s cares, I may rise above them. Make me watchful and prayerful, daily growing in meetness for heaven.”

CHAPTER XIV.

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

"A man on earth He wandered once,
All meek and undefiled:
And those who loved Him, said 'He wept' —
None ever said He smiled,
Yet there might have been a smile unseen,
When He bowed His holy face, I ween,
To bless that happy child."

IN the month of July of this year, a new era opened in the life of Mrs. Hoffman. As we have seen in the last chapter, she became the mother of a sweet babe. God was merciful to her, and brought her safely through her trial. Under the skilful and kind treatment of Dr. McGill, in whose house she was kindly received and watched over with unceasing care, her health was soon restored, and she was fitted to return to her duties.

Her first record after this event is dated August 8th, 1853: —

"Since I last wrote you, I have another claimant on your interests here, in the shape

of a little African, who is notwithstanding as fair as possible, with blue eyes and light hair, looking very like my dear husband. We call her Kate, and next week hope to have her baptized by the Bishop, at St. Marks, which is Mr. Hoffman's church at this place (Cape Palmas). I do not intend to let my precious one take away my thoughts, or occupy all my time, so that my work will suffer. During my sickness, I was counting how many, since I left home, had gone before me, and would welcome me, if my time had come; and truly it was a goodly number that in three years have entered into rest; but the sweetest thought to me was that Jesus was there. His love has especially of late seemed to me truly to pass all understanding.

"Since I last wrote you, we have been called to stand beside a death-bed, about the same time that you were watching the departure of our beloved sister, Mrs. Hening. Mrs. Scott was so much under the influence of opiates as to be unconscious in her last moments, and without a struggle her spirit left its earthly tenement, to be 'clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.'"

"I have daily lessons that behind a frowning providence our Father ever hides a smiling face. I see it towards others, and have felt it too often to correct myself; yet I am distrustful when the clouds arise. How happy might we be, if with childlike confidence we would say, 'It is well.'

"CAVALLA, August 30th. — Once again restored to our home, made doubly dear by two months' absence, and with my babe sleeping in such perfect health, and my own strength so much restored, I have surely cause for thankfulness.

"On Friday, our two sisters leave us for America. The health of both is very delicate.

"Mrs. Payne leaves me housekeeper, and I am busy trying to get the last directions. The girls' school is under a native teacher, as Miss Colquhoun is still unable to take charge. Mr. Rogers has the boys, and I have the sewing school."

Mrs. Hoffman greatly rejoiced at the tidings which this last mail brought from home, of the accession of so many souls to the fold of Christ's Church in Norfolk, at the last Easter, and among them of many well known to her.

To one of these, who had been a Sunday scholar in her class in Norfolk, she thus pours forth her heart:—

“Your letter, my dear C——, conveying to me the glad intelligence that you had felt your heart drawn by the love of Christ to consecrate yourself to Him, came to me the 23d of June. Nothing but sickness prevented my sending you an answer at once. You cannot know how much joy it gave me; it was what I had often prayed for. It was a sweet comfort to me, on my sick bed, to think the time was past, and that you had openly declared yourself on the Lord’s side. That I need no longer pray that your heart might be awakened to see God’s great love to you, but that the same prayer I offer for myself should be for you; that ‘He who had begun a good work in us, would perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.’ I trust you will never be contented with being a half-hearted Christian, but give your whole heart and all your powers to Him who died for you. The Holy Spirit’s aid we must constantly seek, or else we can do nothing. You are blessed with many religious privileges; be careful to im-

prove them, for you may not always be able to enjoy them. I shall hope, now, that you will love to remember us in your prayers, for as you have felt the blessedness of having your sins forgiven, you will long that every one should enjoy the same inestimable blessing. I shall feel an increased interest in hearing from you now, and learning of your advancement in holiness, for you must remember we cannot stand still; we are daily growing more or less meet for heaven."

The family at Cavalla was at this time much reduced in number. The Bishop had accompanied Mrs. Payne and Miss Williford as far as Monrovia, and for two months was absent upon the duties of the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Colquhoun, Mr. Rogers, and the Rev. Mr. Scott were all left to discharge the duties. During the absence of the Bishop God gave them tokens of His favor in an increased interest in the gospel among the men of the Grebo tribe around them. "One old man," writes Mrs. H., Nov. 7, "we trust is truly converted—the first of the natives who, without attending our schools, has turned to God. He

comes often to hear the Bible read and explained, and we only wait the Bishop's return from Monrovia to witness his baptism.

"We observed the first Thursday of this month as a day of thanksgiving. We enjoyed it very much; for we felt that we had abundant cause for thanksgiving. And not alone for temporal blessings did our praises ascend; for since my last sickness God seems to have given me clearer views of His holiness, leading me to renounce all trust in myself and rely more on the righteousness of Christ. And are we ever as happy as when making Jesus our all in all, our only Strength and Righteousness?"

The year 1853 was an eventful one to Mrs. Hoffman for other reasons. In the summer several of her most intimate friends in Norfolk had been removed by death; two of them closely connected with her by family ties. These sad tidings did not reach her until December; and, though sorrowing deeply over their loss, it is delightful to mark the spirit of thankfulness to God with which she receives trial from His hand.

December 3d she writes to one of the be-

reaved ones, and one very dear to her, “Blessed, blessed be God, dear D.! blessed be His holy name, that he hath called to Himself the objects of our love; that these heads of ours are bowed, and these bodies even are bent beneath the burden of a saddened spirit! At the very time when the glories of eternity were unfolded to F’s glorified spirit, I was beside the Dark River which he had passed, and I was thinking of the many dear ones who waited to welcome me; but I knew not of him. For thirteen years you, my dear friend, I for six, have been travelling homeward. He who hath kept us will keep us still, and none shall pluck us out of His hand. Let patience have her perfect work. I will not mourn for F.; he is serving, glorifying, and praising God without sin. We have no time to mourn; our Father has a work for us to do — either to do or to suffer His will; and the time is short for us to show our obedience. May we have grace to rise above this world; and while our bodies are detained here yet a little while, may our souls’ life be ‘hid with Christ in God!’”

CHAPTER XV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE close of the year 1853 was to bring to Mrs. Hoffman a change little anticipated or even desired by her. Her strength began to fail more rapidly as the year drew to its close; and repeated attacks of sickness had rendered her unable to discharge any duty. The health of Mr. Hoffman was also seriously impaired. Nearly three years had been spent in Africa, and they began to think of a visit to their native land in search of health. Yet they hesitated to leave the mission, enfeebled as it was by the absence of Mrs. Payne and Miss Williford in America. Her feelings at the opening of the new year are thus expressed:

“January 1st.—The hopes of the past year have been realized, and our darling babe is sleeping in health. Trials have been passed through, and our God has safely and tenderly

delivered us in them all. Yes, and He will yet deliver. Duties! Oh, they have been too unfaithfully performed. *Self*, and not Thee, my God, has been too much worshipped; and now what is before us? Thou knowest. If we are led homeward by Thee, give us grace in our varied situations to magnify Thy holy name; and if it be not Thy will for us to go, prevent us. We ask Thee so to do. Let me learn to commune hourly with Thee."

Nothing but stern necessity could have induced these faithful missionaries to leave, even for a time, their loved work among the heathen. Soon, however, tidings reached them of a joyful character from home, which decided their course. New laborers were on their way to join their little band; and on the 8th of January eight missionaries arrived at Cape Palmas. These were Mr. and Mrs. Rambo, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Miss Smith, Miss Ball, Dr. and Miss Steele. The way was now open for Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman to leave; and on the 16th of January, 1854, they embarked on the ship *Banshee*, bound to Rio Janiero.

“What will you say,” she writes to a friend, from on board the ship, “when you read by this that we are on our way home? You know that the only reason that could take us home is inability to live in Africa. Sickness alone has forced us to leave. Much as we love to revisit our loved home and friends, it is hard to forsake our happy home in Africa, and our blessed work, which ‘might fill an angel’s heart, and filled the Savior’s hands.’ We go hoping to gain strength for body and soul, that we may return again strong to work for God. How sweet it will be to see a Christian land again, and enjoy its privileges!”

At Rio de Janeiro, they took passage on the bark “Indus,” for the United States, and after a voyage of forty-eight days from that port, and seventy-three from Africa, reached “the haven where they would be,” in renewed health, on the 3d of April. Who shall tell the feelings with which Mrs. Hoffman first looked upon the faces and met the glad embraces of her friends in Norfolk? It was indeed a chastened pleasure; many loved ones were missing who bade her God-speed as she left home

more than three years before. Her loved sister's home was, however, full of brightness to her, and deep and rich was her joy to press once more to her heart that only sister and her precious little ones, the youngest of whom she had never before seen.

“NORFOLK, May 7th, 1854. — It is three years and nine months since I last met in this then dear home, and sought for strength in future duties at the table Thy love provides. Do I not feel that I have been much strengthened? But for Thy grace I should have fallen — but for thy grace I should have returned disgraced. Let me daily magnify Thy wondrous love! Praise thou the Lord, O my soul. God has rewarded my endeavors to rejoice in His will.

“I listened with a thrilling heart to our brother, the Rev. Robt. Smith, from the words, ‘Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended,’ &c. Phil. cxi. 13. It was rich food for my soul.

“May 14th. Sunday after Easter. — Through the past week Thy grace has enabled me to draw nearer to Thee. Three times a day I have and would continue thus to seek Thee.

“May 21st. — A bright morning. Convention in session. * * * My last Sunday here for some time.”

The one great object of this visit to their native land was the restoration of health ; but it was far from their desire to remain idle during this period. They felt that much could be done by their intercourse with the Church at home, and by kindling anew in many hearts an interest in their work in Africa. Alas ! it must be recorded to the reproach of the professed people of God that these devoted servants of Christ found everywhere, to a great extent, apathy and unconcern with regard to this the noblest work of the Church of Christ. True, there were those in different places whose hearts beat responsive to their own, and who ever remembered in their prayers God's work among the heathen, but these were only the exceptions. The writer of these pages knows too truly how the heart of this Christian woman sunk within her to find the Church at home so little alive to its duty to the heathen, and how, oftentimes feeling her loneliness and the want of deep sympathy with her work, she longed to be once

more in her humble home in Africa, and among those who like her had given up all for Christ.

Who will deny that it is too true that as a Church we are sadly behind our duty, and wanting in a true appreciation of this great work, and the claims of the heathen upon us? If the true ideal of an earnest, faithful Church were realized, how different would be the scene! Every minister of the Church would be faithful in pressing upon the people of his flock their duty to the heathen—every church-member would bear the cause upon his heart in prayer—the whole Church would be a company of missionaries enlisted for the conversion of a world to Christ, and the laborers in heathen lands would be only the advance-guard of this mighty army, with whom would go forth the intense anxieties and sympathy of the whole sacramental host of God's elect. How depressing, how disheartening to one of these, to return from long years of labor, worn out by severe toil in an uncongenial climate, and find everywhere the great body of Christians unresponsive to their own warm and glowing zeal for Christ's cause, and love for the perishing!

CHAPTER XVI.

A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR. HOFFMAN, under the direction of the Board of Foreign Missions, was to act as their agent, visiting different portions of the Church and bringing the claims of Africa before them. After a sojourn in Norfolk of a month or two, he proceeded to Goshen, New York, the residence of his mother, which place he proposed to make his central post for the summer months, that Mrs. Hoffman and her babe might have the benefit of a cool climate, and that he might visit the churches in the North without long absence from his family.

It will not be expected that this portion of Mrs. Hoffman's life will afford much material for the biographer. The summer passed quietly and peacefully, her health becoming stronger, and her little one daily growing more and more attractive in its little ways.

From this place she writes to one whose

heart beat responsive to her's in love to Christ and to His work among the heathen : —

“MY DEAR M——.

“We were called from Harrisburg, to stand by the bedside of my aged grandmother. Before we reached there, she had passed through the last sorrow, and entered into the joy of the Lord. To her it was a sweet release, and I cannot sorrow that another link is added to the chain that lifts my heart heavenward. I have been very much interested in my first perusal of Cumming on the Apocalypse. I am now reading it for the second time.

“The agreement between prophecy and the signs of the times is wonderful. If it be true that our Saviour's coming draweth near, and the time when ‘holiness to the Lord’ shall be inscribed on everything is at hand; when the ‘new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness’ shall be our habitation, surely it matters but little what afflicts or troubles us; for ‘He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.’ It only remaineth for us to make His name glorious in the way of His own appointment.

“We have had joyful tidings from Africa—informing us of the ordination of Mu-su and the confirmation of fourteen of our school-children.”

She was much distressed at this time by the news of the illness of her sister, who was prostrated in Norfolk by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

As it was out of her power to go to her, she strove to cheer her by frequent letters assuring her of her prayers.

“May God make all your bed in sickness,” she writes. “I have felt sickness sweet when thus sustained. D—— says she reads ‘McGhee on the Ephesians’ to you. I know you enjoy it. The sweet way in which he describes our relation towards God, as being His dear children, *for Christ’s sake*, and not for anything we have done, is very precious to a Christian’s heart. Miss Williford is now with us, but still quite unwell. I rejoice to tell you that the prospect before me in Africa offers more happiness than ever, because the way is opened for more usefulness.”

Early in the month of September, her sister arrived in Goshen, bearing sad traces of her

long illness. Mrs. Hoffman was startled, and truly she had cause for gloomy forebodings, for even then that insidious disease, consumption, inherited from her mother, had marked her for its victim. Still Mrs. H. was not aware of her true condition, and looked forward hopefully to her improvement.

Mrs. Payne and Miss Williford were now about to return to their work in Africa, accompanied by Rev. Robt. Smith and Miss Alley, and Mrs. Hoffman went to New York to take leave of them. From that city she writes, October 18th, 1854: —

“We are here, my dear M——, waiting to part from some of our dear friends for Africa. We are glad to have them sail, and cannot help feeling a little home-sick that we are not of the number. The vessel sails on the 23d or 25th, and I know that your prayers will be offered with ours, for the safety of those, dear, not only for their work’s sake, but also for their own.”

The month of November was passed among her friends in Albany, while her husband was employed in visiting the churches in Western New York.

From this place she writes to a friend, under date Nov. 7th : —

“I am now staying at one of my old homes, where I went to school, and I have had the pleasure of meeting a number of my old schoolmates, all of whom have become pious. We shall sail in the spring, but we do not know yet whether from Baltimore or New York. My poor sister’s health will make it painful to leave her; but there is One who comforteth and healeth all our sorrow. Each day let Christ become more and more our all in all, for therein consists our enduring happiness.”

Early in December, she returned to Norfolk, to pass the winter with her sister, whose health was still very precarious. “Sister seems cheerful,” she writes, “and I think we shall pass, if her life is spared, a pleasant winter. We both feel the uncertainty of her continuing even as comfortable as now, yet while God still grants this, we strive to enjoy the present with chastened thankfulness. Mr. H. is at the North, and will remain till February. It is a long separation for us; still he is in the path of duty, and there are many alleviations

to such a trial when it comes to us in the discharge of duty."

January 1st, 1855, she writes to a friend: "Most sincerely do I wish you, my dear M—, a happy New-Year! May we begin it with the recollection that we are witnesses for God. Enabled by the grace of God to take this high stand, we shall meet all life's changes with calmness, nay, with joy. It matters little whether we see the fruit of our toil; our Master's life was cheered by little apparent fruit, and 'the disciple is not above his Master.' My husband is still on his tour of visitation to the churches in the North; he seems to have been blessed in awakening an interest in our work; and for such an end I would gladly have him absent from me. My own health continues good, and I long to be spending my strength in Africa."

Mr. Hoffman returned to Norfolk the first week in March. She writes of their plans to the same friend, then at the Theological Seminary, near Alexandria: "We go to Richmond soon after his arrival, and from thence Mr. H. goes to Florida, while I will proceed to Alexandria, and hope to meet all the kind friends

on the Seminary Hill. Can we not meet, and together mingle our hopes and prayers for that glorious day when this earth, now spotted with sin, shall be wholly renewed, and again pronounced very good?

“We have heard, by way of England, that Mrs. Payne and her party were at Monrovia the 17th December, after a passage of thirty-one days; all well. A number of the emigrants on board became awakened on the voyage, through the faithful labors of the missionaries.”

The second and third Sundays of March were spent in Washington. These precious days were our last interview with her on earth. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company; we conversed of the coming of Christ's kingdom; of the blessedness of life spent in the work of saving souls; of the sweetness of Jesus' love; of the sainted ones who had passed before us within the veil; and of the hope of reunion with the loved and the lost; and above all, of seeing Him who is fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely, and passing an eternity in His smile. The pulpit to-

pics of those Sundays were congenial to her heart, and she thus alludes to them :

“March 20th. — The text in the morning was ‘not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord ;’ and the theme was on earnest Christianity, or the Church in earnest. The vivid picture of the Church in earnest I see now, and God helping, could my heart have been seen, the train of thought could not have been chosen more entirely adapted to my feelings when I left my house. At night the topic was the self-consecration of Henry Martyn’s life as a model to young men. It was all for me, and I took in every word to profit by it.

“The following Sunday the text was, ‘Lord it is good for us to be here ; let us build three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, one for Elias.’ We were taught that we must not tarry on even Mount Tabor in the companionship of Jesus to build our tabernacles, but descend to the dust and toil and battle-field of earth to work for Christ, even as He came down from the Mount of Transfiguration to cast out the evil spirit.”

At this time sad news reached her concern-

ing the prospect of her departure for Africa ; we will let her describe it, and her feelings under it :—

ALEXANDRIA, *March 27, 1855.*

“MY BELOVED SISTER :

“My mind is occupied by one thought, and it is no less than the prospect of our detention in this country until the fall. The funds of the committee are so much embarrassed that they think of detaining Mr. Hoffman, to act as agent, while they cannot send out Mr. Holcomb. As soon as I heard of it, I wrote to Mr. Denison, telling him how much I hoped it was only a passing thought, urging that the Bishop was now almost alone. I received a reply to-day from him, very kind, but giving me little hope ; and I own, dear sister, that I am very sad. If we must stay, it will be the way in which God will be most glorified ; and if it is decided so, I trust to be able to say, ‘Thy will be done !’ and to yield all my power to the work He has for me to do. In this case, Mr. H. will be away from me all the time, and I may try my skill in teaching, that we may not further drain the funds of the committee by requiring any salary.”

Such was the spirit manifested by this faithful servant of Christ — such her earnest longing to return to her field of labor, where sickness and weariness awaited her, if only she might testify to the heathen of the grace of God.

A week was spent at the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, surrounded by most congenial friends and people of God, who were one with her in love to the cause of Christ in Africa. From that Seminary had gone forth nearly all the missionaries of our Church to that field, as well as to China. On Good Friday eve, Mr. H. returned from the South, bringing with him more cheering news with regard to their departure. He had seen a letter in Savannah, from the Foreign Committee, in which they spoke of being much moved, even to tears, by letters from Mrs. Hoffman and Miss Williford, and thought they could not refuse to let them go. Mr. H. at once wrote an earnest letter to them, and hastened on, to urge in person their request. On Tuesday the 10th of April, they took their final leave of the Seminary. As the carriages passed in front of the main building, they

beheld the whole body of students standing in a line; and immediately they began to sing, with great beauty and effect, Bishop Heber's hymn —

“From Greenland's icy mountains,” &c.

This was their last farewell to this beloved Antioch of our Church. The next day they reached New York.

There the most cheering news awaited them. The Foreign Committee had held a meeting on Tuesday evening, and decided that Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, and Miss Williford, should sail on the ensuing first of May. After a short visit to Goshen, they turned their faces southward, and Mrs. Hoffman reached Norfolk on the 28th of April.

After Mrs. H. left Norfolk in May, we find the following in her journal under date July 21st, 1854:—

“Sin reigns, and death by sin. I have never found my heart so dead to all holy things. ‘The things that I would I do not, and what I would not, that I do.’ O God, be merciful to me a sinner.

“August 13th. — I have felt unwell, and

Satan taking advantage of a weak body, has tempted me sorely. 'Ascribe ye strength unto God.' Let this week find me watching unto prayer.

Sept. 3d.—Blessed be Thy name that Thou hast given me clearer views of Thine own self, and while I know how deep sin has dyed my soul (though I know not the half), yet I know 'tis for the vilest sinners Thy blood is shed, and Thy righteousness provided. I bless Thee for the glorious hopes beyond, that Thy word reveals, the hope of Thine own glorious appearing. The time is short; make me a living, willing sacrifice: to save souls, let me live and labor: as wife and mother, make me faithful.

“NEW YORK, Oct. 14th. — My birth-day, twenty-two. A year of renewed health; let me anew consecrate myself to Thee, O my Father.

“ALBANY, November 5th. — Communion at the church of the Holy Innocents, at which Jesus, as my husband, brother, friend, and Saviour, was revealed; and I, as His bride, spouse, and sister. I would pray that to all He might be in like manner known. Till

He come again, we remember His atonement for us. Why am I *ever* sorrowful with such blessed hopes? With friends or without, Christ is all. To His glory living each second, moment, hour, day, year.

“NORFOLK, Dec. 25. — I would praise the wondrous love of God which has redeemed me without money and without price. There is no more condemnation, but a sweet leaning on Jesus, and a looking up to Him for the spirit to walk in all those good fruits (of the spirit). O! that my life may be wholly Thine; and to witness for Him be all my aim.

“Dec. 31st. — The last record of the old year’s departure, and the entry of the new, were made in my room in Africa. Now I am in my old home in Norfolk. We know not what this year shall bring. Let me not have spent the past as a tale that is told, but seriously lay its experience to heart. I *am a witness for Jesus*, and in me must the image of my Father shine forth. Every cent, every moment, every thought, must witness for Thee: living for the happiness and good of all around me. Bring, I beseech Thee, O

Father, every talent into use. Let me improve the time to meditate much on Thee, and walk thereby closer to Thee.

“January 7th, 1855.—Time is short. Let all the emotions of my heart, with their intensest power, be Thine, O Lord; and all my powers of body and soul, and external gifts, be Thine. Each moment find me preparing for eternity, and advancing Thy kingdom.

“ALEXANDRIA, VA., March 21.—Dear M—— has just called, and told us of the letter from the Committee, saying we may be detained. May God guide us, and enable us to honor Him wherever He calls us. I have (in the absence of my husband) sent a letter to the Committee, remonstrating against our being detained.

“THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VA., April 7th.—Easter Even. A sweet walk with M——, to where the Arbutus lifted its lowly head.

“April 8th, Easter.—The Lord is risen indeed. Oh! I feel my heart raised to newness of life. We are at this lovely home, and all hearts are occupied in contemplating our risen Lord, and drawing therefrom comfort.”

Who does not blush at the fact that the

Foreign Committee, representing a Church so abundantly blessed with wealth, should have been forced to hesitate in sending back to their field of labor these devoted missionaries, whose hearts were longing to go? At the very time when this occurred, the missionary Bishop of Africa was devising plans for enlarging greatly the work under his charge. In a letter dated the 12th March, he writes to the Committee, "I cannot entertain the idea that any embarrassments of the great Mammon world can affect the paltry contributions to foreign missions. I say advisedly, *paltry*, though the receipts of your treasury during the past year reached sixty thousand dollars; for what was that sum, compared with what Episcopalians might have contributed—to what they may contribute—without even approaching the virtue of self-denial? Oh for the spirit of self-devotion to Christ, and then the treasury of the Lord would no longer languish!"

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN TO AFRICA.

THE long-desired day at length arrived; and on Saturday, the 5th of May, accompanied by many dear friends, they were taken by steamer to the barque Cora, in Hampton Roads. It was not without deep and painful feelings that she parted from her friends and native land; she felt that, in all human probability, she should see them on earth no more. Her sister, the dearest one left behind, was fast wasting away under the ravages of disease. It may appear strange to some that she should not have preferred to remain for a longer period with her sister; and without doubt all her deep feelings of affection prompted her to such a course. But she felt that duty to her work and her husband's work in Africa required her to make even this sacrifice; and at the same time, that no ministration of kindness or care on

her part *could* avert from her loved one the threatened blow. On the evening of the day on which she reached the ship she sent back the following note :

“MY BELOVED SISTER :

“We have been unpacking and getting our things in order, in readiness for an attack of sea-sickness. We have just been down to hold evening prayers. The captain came, and we sang a hymn ; all seem happy, and make the best of little ills. Miss Williford is delighted with her good accommodations.

“Dearest sister, what else is worth living for than to honor our loving God ? and is it not a privilege to be able to give up something to testify our love ?”

Another letter, at the end of three weeks, tells of the favorable progress towards the clime of the East.

“OFF ST. ANTONIO, May 29th, 1855.

“MY MUCH-LOVED SISTER :

“Three weeks find us well on our way. We have been favored with strong breezes ;

and, though I have been more than usually sea-sick, yet we have had a blessed voyage. Our captain and first-mate are pious, and our crew are the most quiet we have ever been with. The emigrants have kept well, and are very well behaved. Sunday we went out of the Capes, and Mr. H. had service on deck. The following week we were all sick. After this the sea was less rough, and we began our school. Miss Williford has the boys, Mr. H. the men, and I the girls. Many of them are from Kentucky, and are as ignorant as heathens; not one of fifteen knew the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, or who Jesus was.

“May 30th. — We are passing the last of the islands; St. Iago we see above the Clouds. If we have favorable winds, six days will find us at Monrovia. We are always so blessed, dear sister, that you will no longer feel anxiety about us. Many times has my mind's eye gone back to you, and I have seen you telling Mary and Willie to add to their usual prayers one for our safety while on the great deep. Your sweet bouquet of flowers lasted over two weeks, and was such a refreshment

to us! My basket of flowers continues to thrive.

“May 31st, Thursday.—’Tis possible we may reach Monrovia by Sunday. How I long to know, dear sister, if you bear our leaving cheerfully! I expect many of my Norfolk friends think me cold-hearted to leave so cheerfully; but my precious sister feels, with me, that it is but a little time in which we can testify of our love to Jesus; soon we shall enter into the full enjoyment of His presence.”

While the good ship Cora is speeding her way across the Atlantic, bearing her precious freight rapidly to their adopted home under the shade of the cocoanut-trees, we will turn aside to give a brief sketch of what has transpired in the mission during their absence of eighteen months.

It will be remembered that two days before they sailed from Cape Palmas eight missionaries had arrived to fill up the ranks thinned by death and disease. Their arrival cheered the heart of the Bishop, and enabled him to fulfil his cherished design of opening

new stations along the coast, and greatly enlarging the boundaries of the mission. This was now extended to a distance of 250 miles along the coast, from Cape Palmas to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. At the latter place the prospect was very encouraging, and the Rev. Alexander Crummel had lately arrived from England to minister to the people. Gathering a small flock about him, in the preceding September the church had voluntarily declared itself under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Western Africa, and adopted the Constitution, Canons, and Liturgy of the same, "except that, in the prayer for those in authority, '*Liberia*' instead of 'the United States' be used."

At Clay Ashland also, on the St. Paul's River, ten miles from Monrovia, Mr. Russel, a candidate for orders, and formerly a Methodist minister, was successfully employed, and during the visit of the Bishop in the preceding autumn several persons had been confirmed. A church edifice was at that time in process of erection. In Bassa County, and in Sinoe settlement, midway between Cape

Palmas and Bassa, also, most favorable openings were presented for missionary labor among natives and colonists.

The new laborers were thus distributed : the Rev. Mr. Wright and wife, with Miss Smith, were appointed to Rocktown, in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Horne, where they were surrounded by a native population of 6000 persons. Mr. and Mrs. Rambo were first to reside at Cavalla, before the acclimation of Mrs. R., and then proceed to Bassa.

“You see, then,” writes the Bishop to the Foreign Committee, “how readily, and thankfully, and joyfully we receive all that come, and can still cry, ‘and yet there is room.’ I notice,” he adds, “in your report to the Board of Missions, that you announce (no doubt with some anxiety) that your Committee have assumed the responsibility of an expenditure of sixty thousand dollars for the current year. In connection with this, the thought has occurred to me that this is just the amount said to have been cleared by a vessel engaged in the African trade in one voyage made last year. That is, a single vessel, in one voyage, on an average of African

produce, cleared as much as is given by the whole Episcopal Church in the United States towards the spread of the gospel in Africa and in all heathen lands; and this vessel owned by a member of that Church!"

On the 15th of January, Mr. G. W. Gibson, one of the colored teachers, and a colonist, was ordained a deacon by Bishop Payne, and continued to reside at Mount Vaughan, to assist in the High School and preach in the Grahway town. One month later, on the 15th of February, Mr. Alfred F. Russell was admitted to the Diaconate.

But more cheering indications of God's blessing were to follow. Two native Africans, but a few years before rescued from heathenism, were now to be introduced into the sacred ministry; an event marking a most important era in the history of the mission. Nor did they come unprepared; the first examination of one of them occupied the mornings of several days, and was entirely satisfactory; and this was a specimen of all the examinations.

It was on Easter Sunday, April 16th, 1855, that Ku-Sia (Clement F. Jones) and Musu

(John Minor) were admitted to deacons' orders. These were to do the work of evangelists; the former among the twelve tribes scattered along the Cavalla River to a point sixty miles in the interior; the latter in the Babo and Plabo towns along the sea-coast, from Grand Bassa to the Cavalla River.

Immediately after the ordination of Ku Sia, he proceeded on a missionary tour, accompanied by Harris, or Thomas Freeman, a converted native, of fifty years of age. Ku Sia preached seventeen times to about 800 persons, and on every occasion Harris followed with an account of his conversion.

On the 23d of February Miss Sophia M. Smith died at Rocktown, and in her last hours declared that she was most happy to have come, even though spared for so brief a period for the work.

This was but the first of a series of afflictions which befell the mission during the period of Mrs. Hoffman's absence, and made the year 1854 one of the most memorable in its history, both on account of the tokens of God's blessing upon their work in the con-

version of the heathen and for the sad record of trials and deaths.

Among the band of eight persons who arrived at Cape Palmas on the 8th of January, was Dr. J. R. Steele, a young physician of great promise, from the city of Washington. For a long time it had been the earnest desire of the friends of the Mission to procure the services of a missionary physician. Lately, Dr. McGill, the skilful physician at Cape Palmas, whose kind services had been so generously rendered for many years to the missionaries, had removed to Monrovia, and there was an urgent necessity that his place should be supplied. Great hopes were entertained that Dr. Steele might be long spared to the Mission. Very soon, however, after his arrival, his health began to fail, and on the 11th of July, he was removed to the rest of the people of God.

Bishop Payne thus speaks of his Christian character under date of July 12th:—

“Yesterday morning, Dr. J. R. Steele died at this place (Cavalla), in the faith and love and peace and joy of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“The voyage to this country proved injurious rather than an advantage, insomuch that on his arrival at Cape Palmas, he seriously thought of returning in the same vessel which brought him. He determined, however, to remain; but his malady increased apace unto the bud. During the six months of his missionary life, days and nights of weariness were appointed to him. But the ‘life of Jesus was manifested in his mortal body.’ In love and *faithfulness* he instructed and prayed with the heathen with whom he came in contact; in *unity*, like the precious oil which ran down Aaron’s beard, he dwelt with brethren and sisters of the Mission, ever ready to do them service, ever regretting he could not do them more; in *patience* he abided the short night of affliction, yet longing for the morning; and, as the shadows of Tuesday night with all his earthly might were fleeing away together, the glorious heavenly day was dawning upon him. Yesterday morning about eight o’clock, amidst sorrowing yet rejoicing missionary brethren and sisters, did this lovely disciple fall asleep in Jesus, and was carried by angels

into Abraham's bosom! Amen! Amen! Blessed be God!"

Mr. Hoffman, on hearing this sad intelligence in this country, made unceasing efforts to obtain a physician to take his place, but without avail; and up to this time no one has offered to fill this responsible post. The missionaries are left amid sickness, without a medical man to minister to their frequent necessities.

The next name to be added to this list of martyrs is that of the Rev. G. W. Horne. Mr. H. had accompanied the Bishop on his return to Africa, in 1852, and was detained at Rocktown as the successor of Mr. Hening. He had long been in feeble health, and had made arrangements to return to the United States, when he was called away on the 2d of October. "He expired," writes the Bishop, "most unexpectedly to every one but to his faithful, sorrowing wife. She alone was fully aware of the certain failing of his strength and life." He sleeps where a missionary's grave should be—among the people for whom he willingly sacrificed his life.

But the saddest item in this record of sor-

row is yet to be added. One of the most competent and promising of those who have ever given themselves to the work of Christ in heathen lands was the Rev. Robt. Smith, who sailed for Africa in company with Mrs. Payne and Miss Alley, in October, 1854.

“Mr. Smith,” says the report of the Board of Missions, “was educated at Yale College, and subsequently received his theological training at the Seminary, near Alexandria. From the outset of his preparation for the ministry, he devoted himself to the work of missions in Africa; and when the Foreign Committee were called upon to act with regard to his application, they felt assured, from the testimony everywhere borne to his intelligence, energy, and piety, that they had secured the services of one eminently qualified for usefulness.

We insert the letter written four days after his arrival at Cape Palmas, as giving an idea of his spirit, and in itself of great interest:

CAVALLA, *January 15, 1855.*

“Our long voyage is ended, and we are at home. We anchored off Cape Palmas on Thursday evening, the 11th instant, and the

next day accompanied the Bishop to Cavalla. We were greeted with a missionary welcome by all the missionaries stationed there.

“Amidst the multiplicity of duties incident to my arrival, I can do little more than say in general terms, that my first impressions of everything I have seen, except the natives, are of the most pleasing character. The Cape, as it is approached from the sea, is beautiful, and much more beautiful as seen from many positions on land. The Orphan Asylum, now rapidly approaching completion, is a fine-looking building, and finely situated, commanding a most ample view of the ocean, and fanned continually by refreshing ocean breezes. Shepard Lake, along whose smooth surface our party glided in the mission boat, late in the afternoon, is beautiful. And of Cavalla I can only say that it looks more like a pleasant country home in the United States than the rude product of sheer necessity, which mission-houses are too often conceived to be by those who have never seen them. Everything about Cavalla looks beautiful—the houses large and tastefully constructed—the avenue which leads to the main building

bordered by twelve large, handsome cocoa-nut trees, whose branches meet in an arch, and cast a delightful shade over the way — the garden large, tastefully laid out, and constantly supplying the well-furnished table with a profusion of fruits and vegetables of both tropical and temperate climates — the situation being a slight eminence, commanding a fine prospect of the ocean, whose eternal waves dash their beautiful crests unceasingly on the beach, not a hundred paces distant. And, as might be expected, in view of these and other objects of interest which cluster about this lovely spot, the missionaries all seem most cheerful and happy. Indeed, I do not believe a more contented or happier circle could be found in the world, if I may judge from all that has come under my observation during the few days I have been here. We enjoy all the pleasures of social intercourse which are known in Christian lands; and these are rendered peculiarly sweet by oneness of purpose, labor and sentiment which so remarkably characterize our African missionaries. Such are my first impressions of Africa; and I do not see how they can be

changed or modified by longer acquaintance. But the beauties of Africa are confined to those objects of which I have spoken. It is most distressing to turn from them to the savages who roam about in a state of almost total nudity. These are as vile in their characters, their habits, and their physical aspect as it is easy to conceive humanity capable of being. The influence of the Gospel upon them is gradually becoming perceptible; and there is reason to hope that at no distant day multitudes will experience its transforming energy. But thus far, only the faintest dawn of the approaching day is manifest. That day will assuredly come, and in its genial ray all Africa will bask. But O, how much is demanded of God's people!—what increase of fervent prayer!—what enlarged contributions!—what increasing number of consecrated laborers!—before this blessed hour shall arrive!

For two or three months he seemed to suffer very little inconvenience from the climate; and accounts from Africa confirmed the hopes before entertained that God would spare him for years of service in that field.

How great was the surprise, then, and how deep the sorrow of the Church at home to learn that on the 24th of May, four months after his arrival, he was called to a higher ministry and heavenly duties. This information was communicated in a letter from Mr. Hoffman, dated Monrovia, June 24th. He writes : —

“We cannot but feel very sad at the loss of our valued friend and brother; one so holy, so full of Godly zeal, and, we should say, eminently fitted for the missionary work. But the Lord’s ways are not ours. Though it was in his heart to build the Lord’s house, yet He suffered Him not.”

“To this mournful record of death in the African Mission,” says the Report of the Board, in October, 1855, “we are obliged to add the name of Mr. Augustus Rogers, who for several years was a teacher in the Mission school at Cavalla. Mr. Rogers was very highly esteemed, and possessed admirable qualifications for the station which he occupied. He continued in Africa until the fall of 1854, when failing health obliged him to relinquish his duties. Seeking an opportu-

nity to embark for the United States, and not finding any that was direct, he sailed in a German vessel for Hamburg. He was a great sufferer on the voyage, but arrived safely. Within two weeks after his arrival, he died of the disease from which he suffered before his departure."

"In addition to all this, the African Mission has had the further trial of losing the services of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, who left this country in the fall of 1853. The health of both, during their stay, was very bad. Mr. Wright's constitution was being gradually undermined, and constant attacks of fever so disabled him, as to unfit him for active missionary work. There being no hope of his getting better, the Bishop advised the return of himself and wife to this country; and their connection with the Mission ceased."

Such was the record of sore trial endured by the Mission for a single year, during the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman to this country. In reviewing this period, the faithful Bishop, undaunted and unshaken by these reverses, thus writes:—

"I believe I truly represent the feelings

and sentiments of those who do remain, when I say, the loss by death and withdrawal has caused no discouragement here. 'It is the Lord.' 'He doeth all things well,' is the sustaining conviction of heart and mind. But, seeing 'the harvest truly is plenteous and the laborers are few,' we cease not with thousands in the 'holy Church Universal' to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into *His harvest*. And the conviction is abiding, that since it is His harvest, and He knows its need, and is more interested than we can be, and prompts the prayers for the needed supply, that supply will not be withheld."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW HOME—LIFE AT ROCKTOWN.

WE must now return to follow the course of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, as they are borne pleasantly and rapidly across the ocean, to strengthen the stricken band awaiting them. After a passage of thirty-four days, they anchored on Saturday evening, the 8th of June, off Monrovia. From this place, Mrs. Hoffman writes, under date of June 10th, 1855:

BARQUE CORA, *off Monrovia.*

“MY BELOVED SISTER:

“We have letters from Cavalla of as late a date as May 27th. All well. Our brother Smith is eternally well, for he rests from his labors. You will be surprised, as we were, when we received the tidings. At half-past one, on the 24th May, he was seized with great difficulty of breathing, and suddenly expired. The Lord’s hand is heavy on us, but it is also underneath us. You will not

fear for us ; it is well for us to have our faith thus tried, and to look well to our motives, that the love of Christ alone constraineth us. Rev. Mr. Crummell is here, Mr. and Mrs. Scott at the Asylum, and Mr. and Mrs. Rambo are at Bassa.

Again she writes, June 16th, Saturday, "We have been at anchor one week ; landing cargo is slow work at this season, for the rain is frequent and the bar is rough. Hearing of Mr. Smith's death, Mr. and Mrs. Wright's return, and Miss Alley's feeble health, has kept us from going on shore to stay ; we want to take all our strength to the relief of the few left."

June 23d she writes, still on board the barque off Monrovia, "Last Saturday the United States ship Dale anchored about ten miles from us. We stopped the canoe which had gone for the mail, and Mr. H. sent a note to Captain W. He replied very kindly, and said that as soon as the weather permitted we should see him. On Sunday two midshipmen came on board, but it was raining too hard for the captain, and he was not very well. On Monday, however, he came, and

the Dale was brought close to our vessel. Captain W. stayed all day, and we had a nice chat about Norfolk. He sent me a loaf of bread for Kate, and it was a treat to her; for she will not eat the ship-biscuit, and our bread is not good."

For three weeks the vessel was detained at Monrovia, discharging her cargo; and not till the 1st of July did she reach Cape Palmas.

At last our voyagers were at "the haven where they would be," and once more in the happy home at Cavalla, surrounded by the dear friends whose hearts were so congenial to their own.

Great was their joy at being permitted to renew their labors among the heathen; but it was a joy mingled with many sad feelings. Mr. Hoffman writes, on his arrival at Cavalla,

"The house whence I write you this has been the house of mourning during my absence. From my bed-room the spirit of Brother Steele took its happy flight to heaven; from my study departed, with blessed hope, peacefully, the soul of my friend and brother

Robert Smith. *We* yet survive, but how long—who can tell? May it be our blessed portion like them to finish our course with joy and enter into our rest! The work is worthy of the life. May God raise up others to supply the place of the fallen!”

Mrs. Hoffman thus describes her arrival and reception :

“CAVALLA, July 4th, 1855.

“MY LOVED SISTER :

“Our vessel anchored off Cape Palmas on Sunday, the 1st. On Monday we came on shore, and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Scott. The Orphan Asylum is incomplete, but they have two comfortable rooms. The Bishop came up at noon, and we received his warm greeting, and Miss Williford went down the same evening. On Tuesday we started, and without accident came to our loved home. You would not have one sad thought about us could you know what good tidings we have been greeted with. There is a decided improvement among the Christians and a deep interest among the heathen.”

Great, indeed, was the change apparent. God's blessing had been given to the labors

of His servants, and everywhere were there tokens of a richer blessing to come.

Mr. Hoffman also alludes to this in a letter of the same date :

“I find things much improved here since my absence. Though our force has been weakened by the loss of our beloved fellow-laborers, God is certainly causing His work to prosper abundantly in the hands of His servants. I was astonished at the unusual interest manifested by the natives at Cape Palmas; upwards of two hundred weekly assemble at the new chapel on the Lord’s Day, and a night-school of from forty to seventy-five is attended by most earnest and successful learners. Mr. Scott says he never in any place saw more anxiety for instruction than is manifested by the adult population of Cape Palmas. Here, too, the Bishop is cheered in his work. The Spirit seems to have been poured out from on high; and while wanderers are reclaimed, and the weak strengthened, God is adding to His Church those who shall be saved.”

The Church of the Epiphany, at Cavalla,

was progressing, and the Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas near completion.

A new home seemed now to be opened before them. Rocktown and Fishtown were now vacant, and needed greatly a resident missionary. "The first evening of our arrival," writes Mrs. Hoffman, "our going to Rocktown was discussed; and soon it was determined that we should go. We shall miss our kind friends here, but Miss Alley and Miss Payne have promised to visit me. It seems more like home to be here than anywhere else; *but I am full of happiness*. If ever I doubted God's presence with us I can do so no longer. The history of the past year has abundantly proved it. Love to all from your happy sister."

We are now about to enter upon a period of the deepest interest in the history of the African mission; nothing less than an especial outpouring of God's spirit upon the labors of the missionaries, and the awakening of the heathen mind to a sense of the value of the gospel and the need of salvation. Short as was the life of Mrs. Hoffman in her loved work, yet she was permitted to witness

the fullest fruition of her wishes and cherished hopes. We will not anticipate, however, but follow the order of her letters.

“CAVALLA, Monday, July 9th, 1855.

“MY LOVED SISTER:

“It is one week since we landed, and we have been busy packing for our removal; to-morrow Mr. Hoffman visits Rocktown to see how many things are there. We shall not leave till Tuesday. Our sweet little Kate is making herself very contented; the Bishop and she have frequent conversations across the piazza. He is delighted with her, as are all the ladies. She has her doll, and it would amuse you to hear the natives' astonishment. The old men ask Mr. Hoffman to let them see it, but most of the women are afraid of it.

“Yesterday was a delightful day. We had a large congregation, and many of our old friends gave us a hearty Na-wio.

“There is such a blessed change here! I do not remember to have ever passed a happier week than the last. Every day we heard

and saw evidences of the presence of God's Spirit.

"Fifteen adults have received baptism, and nineteen others are seriously inquiring the way of salvation. The congregation yesterday was deeply attentive; numbers whom I remember as sleeping or laughing attendants gave most serious attention.

"One old woman, not baptized, said to Ku-Sia that she is afraid of Kobo (white people), and does not come here; but that she loves the words they speak, and for a long time has never travelled or worked on Sunday. Yu-Wa, one of the Christian women, shook my hand and said she had asked God to change her heart, and He had heard her.

"Our villagers are alive to their duty. Order and neatness are observable; and last week they went on an expedition to look for the scholars who at different times have run away, and persuaded them to come back.

"Our deacon, Ku-Sia (C. F. Jones), read the service last night; and, without any exaggeration, it was sweet. He has a musical voice, and reads with correct intonation.

“At Cape Palmas the natives are coming three evenings in the week to learn to read, and Messrs. Scott and Harris teach them. Miss Williford finds her school-house ready for her; it is a good building, and convenient. The children have improved much under Miss Ball, and we see the work of grace plainly in some whom we thought past hope. Our loved Bishop is as earnest and loving as ever; and I have never felt my heart so drawn towards our people as now. We shall have much to write from Rocktown when settled there. We hear that the house is in excellent order. I have but one wish — that God may send His Spirit; we shall have all, and abound, if His presence is with us.”

CHAPTER XIX.

A PENTECOST IN AFRICA.

WE have before alluded to an important work of grace that began among the heathen about this period; and so important an era has it proved in the history of the mission that we insert an account of it in a letter from the missionary Bishop to the Church at home. After describing other instrumentalities employed in the work of evangelizing the heathen, such as the boarding and day schools, and visiting from house to house, he adds,

“But it is *preaching*, in towns and villages, to the many and to the few, the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, which, blessed be God, has ever been the prominent business of the mission. And truly here the kingdom of God is ‘*like leaven*.’ It has worked so invisibly, and to human perception so slowly, that many superficial, faithless

ones, have grown tired; and because they could not see the progress which God alone can fully see, they have grown weary in well-doing, or ceased altogether to do. And yet the heaven has ever worked.

“Its first effect was to arouse the worst elements of heathenism into active antagonism and conflict with the truth.

“The next was, to produce a lull of this strife—a decent respect to the representatives of Christianity, and for the truths they taught.

“Next followed a general assent to the great doctrine of one God over all, and in all, and consequent rejection of gree-grees, of idols and demons. Multitudes of these vanities were cast away under these influences.

“And lastly, the mists of superstition and rubbish being thus cleared away, the rays from the Sun of Righteousness penetrate the mind and the soul, and the heathen ‘behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.’

“The first rising of life from the dead mass of adult heathenism was *manifested* Sunday,

December 11, 1853, when Hyano, a converted *demon-man*, and Gida-Wudai, in the pride of youthful life, stood up in the presence of a full assemblage of their people to receive baptism.

“The next was the case of a man of middle age, who, under the silent dews of the Spirit, was brought to Christ.

“After this was that of a poor diseased woman. She seldom or never attended public service; but a sister of charity sought her and led her to the Savior. In her little hut, on September 19th, 1854, she received, in baptism, the name of Mary Louise, after the angel of mercy who had saved her.* In about one month more, in the town of Hyano, his wife and a grey-headed woman were gathered into the true fold; and now in Hyano’s house, morning and evening, assembled the little church of five, to offer prayer and praise to the God of all, in their own language wherein they were born. Soon a few others assembled with them.

“In the beginning of this year (1855), it

* Reference is here made to Mrs. Rambo, who died shortly after these lines were written.

being determined to make rice farms at a great distance from town, Hyano went with his people to reside in temporary huts. He was in feeble health, and apprehensions were felt that the exposure might be more than he could bear. But he made prayer, as before, morning and evening, in his frail house, with all who would meet there, and rested on the Sabbath, 'according to the commandment.'

"Many watched him with an evil eye. They said Hyano would die, or that he would have no rice. But Hyano's health improved, and no one's rice grew better than his. And many observed and said, Hyano's God is the true God.

"The year passed on. On a cloudy afternoon, at Diima-Lu, on the Cavalla river, the missionary had preached, as he had done many scores of times before, and the hearers said *haut te nonte* (true things) as many scores of times before also. The missionary asked in sorrow, 'How long will you say, and never do?' One replied, 'Do what? Long have I believed the Gospel, and I am ready to do whatever it requires.' Another and another said so likewise. Amongst these was a young

man whose past life had been notoriously bad. His companions reminded him of this, and expressed the conviction that whatever others might do, *he* never could be a Christian. 'And can a wicked man never turn from his wickedness?' he replied. 'I know I have been very bad, but it is this course which I mean to forsake.'

"The interest continued and extended. One Sunday morning, a middle-aged man from the above town presented himself, and said, 'I have come to inform you that I have resolved to do the mind (*lu*, head) of God.' 'Why is this?' 'You knew my father. He had many idols, and had great faith in them. But these prevented not his sickness, nor his death. While sick, I consulted many *deyabo* (demon-men) in reference to him. All said he would recover, *and all lied*. After his death, I again consulted them, and they said he was *bewitched*, and in one month the *witch* should be manifested by an untimely death. *Again they all lied*. Henceforth I will have nothing more to do with *debayo* or *gree-grees*. I shall serve God.' Similar cases soon followed. Amongst these, the principal man in

the town, on one Sabbath afternoon, after the Rev. C. F. Jones had held services, gave him up all his gree-grees, and announced his determination to be a Christian. From this town *seven* have already been baptized, and as many more are candidates. They meet morning and evening for prayer in the house of one of their number; and when visited by the missionary, it is cheering to observe the devout manner in which they join audibly in prayer and praise. In the largest of the Cavalla towns, as well as in two smaller ones, a hopeful interest is manifested by quite a number, male and female — of these, *four* have been baptized, making in all, *eleven adults*, all of them old and middle-aged men and women. (The number soon was increased to thirty-four.) There is reason to believe that the interest is extending. ‘S——,’ said the missionary to one, formerly the most hardened heathen, ‘why are you not a Christian?’ ‘I have many things to keep *me* back,’ he replied; ‘but of one thing be assured, I believe the Gospel, and so do all my people. Once it was a matter of discussion amongst us, but it is no longer so. *We are convinced of its*

truth. Hence the number coming to baptism ; and we *all* shall receive it yet.'

"At Cape Palmas, the state of things is quite as encouraging. Since the missionary took charge of that station, some two months since, the congregations on Sunday have been full almost to overflowing ; and at night, from fifty to two hundred have attended school. Nor does this satisfy them ; along the roads they are to be seen with books in their hands, asking of each other, and of colonists who may chance to be passing along, the instruction they seek.

"Quite a number, the missionary, Rev. Mr. Scott, writes, are interested in their soul's salvation.

"Many of the people here have thrown away their gree-grees. Amongst these are Pe-Gipamo, brother of the late king Freeman, and virtually his successor. This aged man, who was also a *deya*, has not only thrown away his own gree-grees, but walks about amongst his people, and exhorts them to follow his example. The subject of throwing away the public gree-grees has been discussed, and although the measure cannot yet proba-

bly be carried, there is a large number in its favor.

“Co-existent with this religious interest amongst the people, has been a remarkable quickening of zeal and sense of responsibility amongst our native assistants. This, under God, is greatly attributable to *the death of the late Rev. Robert Smith*.

“At the monthly missionary meeting in June, being that immediately after Mr. Smith’s death, the Rev. Clement F. Jones (native deacon) made an address. In this he expressed his own deep conviction that God, in thus suddenly calling away the foreign missionary, spoke to him, and all *native agents*, to rouse themselves to action. *They* must cease to *depend* upon the laborers from abroad. If the country is to be *evangelized*, it must be done chiefly by its own people. And why not?” he asked. “What is the Gospel? It is *words* — words which I may speak, and you, and all. God must give power to the words, but *the words we may all pronounce*. God has evidently placed our work before us. Let us resolve to do it.

“N. S. Harris, native teacher at Cape Pal-

mas, and candidate for orders, followed in a similar and most effective speech. He mourned over his past want of zeal, and called upon all henceforth to unite with him in amendment of life.

“It is gratifying to state that action has followed words. In public and in private — in assemblies of people called by themselves — and with old companions in school, but now relapsed to heathenism, have the teachers and catechists and native missionaries exerted themselves.

“In the meantime, gratitude and joy and faith and hope find their delightful expression in the words of the apostolic missionary, ‘Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place.’”

CHAPTER XX.

LIFE AT ROCKTOWN.

DURING the last week in July, Mrs. Hoffman removed to Rocktown, and under date of August 3d, 1855, we find the following letter to a friend:—

“Here we are, living in dear Mrs. Hening’s old home, occupying her accustomed place. My seat, while writing, is the one she had, and my eye rests over the same beautiful scene. We had spent but one night on land when, in conversation with our Bishop, it was decided that we were to come here. Mr. Wright had returned home, and this station was vacant.

“We remained but a fortnight at Cavalla, enjoying the society of our loved friends there, and also enjoying the good work, which is advancing. Almost daily does the Bishop hear the question, ‘How can we do God’s will?’ The Church has doubled its numbers,

and calls now its members from the old heathen.

“The number asking for baptism, whom the Bishop bids wait, is larger than the number received. Our visits to the towns are seasons of grateful joy, for we meet willing and anxious listeners.

“The change to us, remembering what they were when we left, is wonderful; nothing less than the moving of the Spirit of God over the darkness could have wrought this.

“Thus it is, while God has apparently weakened our strength by removing one and another, He manifests His own power without our being apparent instruments. To the Bishop, who has lived years of patient waiting, you can imagine how refreshing this season is. Had it not been that it was our duty, it would have been with regret that we left the society of Cavalla. Here we have met with a much kinder reception than we anticipated. This people have usually been very troublesome, but God seems to have turned their hearts to favor us; they supply us readily and kindly with provisions, and seem very willing to listen to our words. We

have been cheered by large congregations on Sunday, and some few seem seriously to weigh what they hear."

On the 9th of August a quarterly meeting of the Cape Palmas Convocation was held at Rocktown. It was a season of great spiritual refreshment from the presence of the Lord. His Spirit seems to have been abundantly poured out upon His faithful servants.

Here for several days a most interesting series of services took place, with sermons, and addresses, and reports from foreign and native ministers and assistants. It was without doubt the most memorable occasion in the history of the mission, and one fraught with the richest spiritual blessings.

To Mrs. Hoffman it was the fulfilment of long-cherished hopes, the answer to unwearied prayers, the accomplishment of her heart's most earnest longing, the crowning blessing of life. She felt that she had not lived in vain; all her sacrifice in coming to Africa appeared now infinitely lighter than ever; she had been permitted to see Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God, and a

native African ministry going forth with apostolic zeal to the evangelization of their countrymen.

How precious to the Christian to trace the wondrous instrumentality by which this great blessing was imparted. While the Church at home was mourning over the death of the Rev. Robert Smith as the loss of one so gifted, so holy, and so admirably fitted for his work, little could we have imagined that out of this sad event God was to work for Africa inestimable good! Yet all the surviving missionaries agree in tracing this great work to the instrumentality of his death.

Among the few precious letters of Mrs. Hoffman which yet remain to us, is one describing the services of the Convocation, which is full of holy joy and gladness.

“ROCKTOWN, Monday, August 13, 1855.

“Would, dear sister, that pen and ink could enable you to take the cup of joy which is now filled to the brim for us! How would you rejoice that your sister is honored to witness the fulfilment of the promise in which we trusted before we came!

“On Thursday, the 9th, our Convocation met; and as it was to meet here, we gladly made our arrangements to accommodate our friends. Bishop Payne and Mrs. Payne came on Thursday evening. That evening we had a sweet service, in which the Bishop urged our seeking by earnest prayer the presence of the Holy Spirit in all our assemblings.

“After service we had supper, and after that the rest of the evening was spent in relating the work of the Lord at Cavalla, and at Dima Lu, a town three miles from Cavalla. Mr. Scott came up Friday morning.

“At 7 o’clock Friday Messrs. Gibson, Harris, Jones, Bedell, Boyd, Humphries, May, and Robinson, all native youths, held service for the people. At 11 we gathered in our sweet little chapel, and Mr. Hoffman preached the Convocation sermon.

“Friday afternoon, at 6, we again assembled in the chapel; and after a hymn, and prayers by Mr. Gibson, the Bishop read his report, and was followed by Mr. Hoffman. Then Mr. Boyd, a native, who has charge of Fishtown, related in Grebo his report. Bedell, who is with us, gave his report in cor-

rect English. He was followed by Mr. Scott. Harris, who lives at Cape Palmas, and teaches the native school, read an English report and then spoke in Grebo. Rev. C. F. Jones related his labors in English, followed by Humphries, from Taboo. Valentine, a brick-maker, told us in broken English how he had stood by the kiln and preached Christ.

“The hour of 9 was passed, when the Bishop rose and said he felt that he could say, like Simeon, *‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!’*”

“It was a quarter past 10 o’clock when we returned to our home, after singing in conclusion the hymn, ‘Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,’ etc. Words fail to tell how our hearts burned within us. *The day long looked for and prayed for has come.* The God who never failed to answer prayer has heard, and His Spirit rests upon our people, beginning by reviving the good work in the hearts of the native Christians. There was no feeling of weariness during the four hours we were together. The earnest tones of the young men, as they told of their labors and

God's blessing upon them, roused all our warmest gratitude, that we had lived to hear them speak thus.

"Had all the pain and weariness of a hundred lives been felt in mine, I would welcome them, to have witnessed such a scene.

"Saturday morning a business meeting was held, in which plans were devised for future usefulness.

"Sunday morning, at 7 o'clock, Harris, Boyd, and Bedell called the people together, and talked to them. Harris is a candidate for orders.

"At 11 o'clock the people came together again. Two persons from the school were baptized; the Bishop and Mr. Hoffman preached, and for two hours the people listened. In the afternoon Confirmation was held; in the evening, a sermon again by the Bishop; and now this evening we have all separated, strengthened for our work, and blessing God for what we have seen and heard."

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AT ROCKTOWN.—CONTINUED.

“I HAVE not the heart to tell you of anything else than this good work. You will rejoice that for six weeks we have all kept well. Our little Kate has grown fat, and is full of play; she sits in her iron chair and eats rice like a rice-bird.

The house we are in is not large, but is in good order, and looks very sweetly. I have white curtains in my room, white and blue in the parlor, white in the stranger's room, and white and pink in my closet and study. Not anticipating certainly coming here, we made but little provision for the table. We have a fine garden; beans, corn, tomatoes, and egg-plants are abundant. Oleanders are on every side of us, of the size of peach-trees. A young colonist, studying for the ministry, lives with us, and aids us in trading with the natives. So far we have been able to get

fowls ; but fowl money (tobacco) is nearly out, and we shall be in some trouble if the Estelle does not bring tobacco.

“I am able to do more for the people than ever before ; I am happy to find that my Grebo is understood. Now that Convocation is over, I have begun a regular course of duties, which sickness only will interrupt. The people were not allowed to come near the house before we came, and they look strangely when we meet them kindly ; so that when I give one of the head women a snuff-box I gain the good-will of many, and thus am able to speak to them as a friend.

“At one of our convocation-meetings resolutions were passed to send a memorial home, showing the opening of the field, and the need of laborers. You will probably see it published, as well as many of the incidents connected with the recent converts. Sixty-five persons knelt at communion last Sunday at Cavalla — old men and young men, doctors and women, no longer Satan’s servants, but freemen of the Lord.

“We think that some are serious here. To-day, a doctor went to get medicine in the

bush, and the devil came on him (as he said); he returned, foaming and screaming, and tossing about his body; but the people threw him into the sea, which is their mode of driving the devil away; and told him they wanted no more doctors.

“Dear D—— and L—— will rejoice with us, as well as our band of Christian friends; but none can realize our feelings. We feel that God’s presence is with us, and with that we want no more. Our Bishop’s sojourn with us was most blessed. He attributes to Mr. Smith’s death, under God, this general awakening.

“Where are you now, dear sister, and how are you? May you be strengthened to bear bodily pain, and may you have abundant consolation in your soul!”

Alas! when this was written, that loved sister was beyond the reach of human sympathies, and at rest. On the first of July, she fell asleep sweetly in Jesus, a child of God, sanctified by affliction, and meet for the society of the just made perfect. Not yet had the tidings reached Mrs. Hoffman. Soon after the delightful services recorded above, indeed

on the very day her letter was written, she was taken sick with a more than ordinarily severe attack of African fever. On her recovery, little Kate was also attacked with the same disease, and for a time was dangerously ill.

August 30th, Mrs. Hoffman writes, alluding to this: —

“MY DEAR M——.

“God hath spoken gently and in love since I last wrote, bidding me fix my heart on Him; and while discharging the duties He appoints, to seek a meetness for His presence. My dear little one has been very sick with the acclimating fever. God’s goodness so ordered it, that her old nurse was with me at the time, and her presence was a great comfort to me. Kate had not seen her for six weeks, but remembered her, and was so happy to be with her. Her fever lasted nearly forty hours, without intermission, and left her so weak, that we watched by her side for two days, doubting whether she would survive. She is now recovering her strength and color, and is a dear companion to me. Mr. Hoffman is well, and constantly occupied. He is kept in

great peace amidst the various duties of the station.

A paragraph in a letter at this time reveals the anxiety often endured by our faithful missionaries, from the want of a generous and liberal support on the part of the Church at home: —

“The want of (missionary) funds at home causes us greater embarrassment than can be understood at home, and also many careful but not anxious thoughts, for we know the work is not ours, but God’s. The natives at home do not understand how there can be want of means in a country like America. The prayer needs to be literally offered, ‘Give us this day our daily bread!’”

In the midst of all their anxieties and trials from sickness, they were blessed with great spiritual blessings in beholding the work of the Lord prospering in their hands.

An extract from Mr. Hoffman’s journal at this time describes a scene of deep interest, when we remember that those who were participants in it were but lately under the dominion of the most degrading superstition:

“August 31st. — We had a most interesting

meeting, this evening, of all our native communicants. The Sunday following, the Lord's Supper was to be administered, and I invited the communicants to the Mission House for religious worship, and to partake of an evening meal. Having assembled, we sang a hymn. I told them something of the ancient *Agapæ* (or feasts of love), and we knelt in prayer. I read a chapter in the Bible, and exhorted to love, and faith, and good works; read also a letter giving an account of the interest in religion among another part of the tribe; a native Christian offered a prayer, and we sang a hymn, rising at the doxology. Our table, having been previously arranged in the room, a few plain dishes were brought in, of which we sat down and partook, as being the blessing of our God. Our cheerful meal finished, all parted in peace and goodwill. These meetings are monthly. At the Bishop's station they have been held for two years, with good results. They tend to unite the native Christians and us altogether, and promote peace and love. If natives eat together, it is proof that there is peace between them."

On the 7th of September, there was an arrival from the United States, bringing the first tidings from home Mrs. Hoffman had received since her departure. It was her custom always, while in Africa, when letters arrived, before opening them, to kneel and ask in prayer, that she might be prepared for whatever sad message they brought. These letters bore to her the intelligence of the decease of her loved sister, and she thus writes, on the receipt of them, to her dearest friend, who had ministered so faithfully to her sister during the last days of her life:—

ROCKTOWN, *Sept. 12th*, 1855.

“MY DEAREST D——.

“On the evening of the 7th, your letter came. Mr. Hoffman and I knelt, and asked for grace to say, ‘Father, Thy will be done,’ before we read it.

“Though I knew my precious sister could not long continue with us, yet, while she was spared even in weakness and suffering, it was a comfort to me. There is now such a void; for years, sister has been in my prayers, and now to feel that she needs them no more

(while I rejoice that she is taken from so much suffering) brings a feeling of loneliness. But I shall not mourn for her long. Soon, very soon, will we be re-united, where our Elder Brother hath eternal mansions for us.

“What thanks ought we to give, that God so sustained my darling one! She seemed hardly like herself, so marvellous was the work of grace. You were privileged to be with her, and to receive her parting kiss. It is a comfort to me to know she had your loving care, and that every comfort was provided for her. I do not fear for the children: we, as orphans, proved the truth of God’s promises, in answer to our dear mother’s prayers, and so will Mary and Willie.

“It was the day before we anchored at Cape Palmas, while we were arranging our things, and saying, ‘to-morrow — to-night, we will be there,’ that my beloved one entered into her eternal home, from whence she will go no more out. *We* have had sorrow and sickness — our little Kate and myself have neared the entrance to our beloved one’s abode; but God had work for us, and restored

us. She has been praising, without weariness, Him who hath loved her, and washed her from her sins in His own blood.

“I had trusted that she would have received my letters, telling of the work of grace progressing here. But, surely if the angels rejoice over repenting sinners, do not also the spirits of the just? And as one and another of our people have confessed Christ, has not dear sister tuned her harp to rejoice over those for whom we are laboring?

“I thank you for telling me so much of her last days. Every word is precious—I treasure them to help my own heart, and to show my little one, if she lives, to know her loss. Her last words to me are indeed precious. Oh! that they may be written on my heart, and sanctified to me and mine!

“I feel that it is good for the heart to be chastened; in our multiplied duties the world and Satan would strive to hold us, and our Father in compassion helps us on our way. Brother R—— will need an Almighty arm on which to lean, and I trust he will place his whole confidence there, that he may real-

ize that 'perfect peace' which sister told him of.

"To all who were kind to my dear one, remember me with love. Oh, what links have we to draw us heavenward! May we feel this to be only a sojourning place!

"Tell me of anything you remember of dear sister; you know how the heart clings to the earthly memory. Kiss the dear children. If I live I will write to them, and daily are they in our prayers.

"Love and peace from God be with us, support us, and lead us to himself.

Two days afterwards, she writes to another friend; showing that, amidst many severe trials, her heart was deeply enlisted in her work.

"ROCKTOWN, *September 14th*, 1855.

"DEAR MRS. M.:

"God has testified of His love towards us since we parted from you.

"My husband and Miss Williford have written to you, but I think you have had no letter from me. I devoted all my time for writing to my precious sister, hoping to com-

fort her in our absence by tidings of God's blessings on us. I knew not she was in her Savior's bosom, counting the sufferings of the past (and they were great) not worthy to be compared with the glory she enjoys. She was my last near relative. Our family in heaven is now complete; and when the Master calls, if any thought save that of Jesus can enter the mind, I may look for my greetings.

"Mrs. Payne mentions in a note, 'that little Blanche has gone to her mother.' My own little darling has been so near the grave that I can better realize Mr. Hening's loss. I do not doubt that God will comfort him, for I well know that none other can.

"Our little one's acclimation was very severe; two days she seemed waiting for God's word for life to cease. He dealt gently with us, showing us her frailty, and then bade health return, and we rejoiced over our restored one as a second gift.

"Though outwardly we have not been without trials, yet God has poured out His Spirit so abundantly that we are rejoicing

more than sorrowing. Mr. Hoffman never replies to my inquiry whether he has had a pleasant time at his afternoon preaching-places, without telling me of attentive congregations, comfort in his own soul, and sometimes of serious inquirers. How Miss M's heart would warm to go with her sisters at Cavalla to the houses of the native Christians, and listen to their cheerful trust in the one true God ! ”

The journal of her husband during this month contains the record of many facts confirming her report, and evincing the abundant prosperity of the work of the Lord in their hands.

On the 6th of September, at the usual missionary meeting at the station, the native Christians agreed to assist in the support of G. W. Hutchings, a native youth from Rocktown, to live among his own people and teach them the gospel. One youth, a school-boy not receiving any salary, went to the bush and gathered a bundle of rattans, which he split and offered for sale, and gave the proceeds, nine cents, for the work of God.

And a poor blind boy, who received but six shillings a month, wanted to give a portion of this for the spread of the gospel.

Will not these rise up in judgment to condemn many in a Christian land who give but grudgingly of their abundance to bear the tidings of mercy to a vast continent shrouded in midnight darkness?

Sunday, the 9th, Mr. Hoffman baptized four persons, all of whom gave most delightful evidence of the renewal of the heart by the Holy Ghost.

Monday, the 17th, three native men expressed to him their desire for baptism. One, the son of the head man of the town, had three wives, but was willing to relinquish two of them and join the people of God.

Sunday, the 23d, he preached at Fishtown to 250 people under the shade of spreading trees. Two were candidates for baptism.

An incident occurred at this time which so strikingly illustrates missionary life in Africa that we have given it a place.

“On the 25th of September a native was taken sick and died on the road. His corpse was brought to the town, and the bearers of

it struck against the house of his brother. This was an indication that the brother had caused the death by witchcraft. The man thus accused (Torobo) was one of considerable influence; and knowing the consequence, he fled to the mission-house for protection. I found him in the parlor; and descending the stairs, observed a crowd of men (the soldiers) rushing into the house, and with angry words and fierce looks demanding the man. Believing he was innocent, and unjustly accused, and having sought my protection, I was not willing to give him up to what I believed would have been certain death, so incensed were the people against him. So, although the lower room was full of men demanding his surrender, with the assistance of some native Christian youths and two native friends, we stood at the foot of the stairs and kept them down. They feared to use violence; and finding us resolute, they gradually left the house, and we barred the doors; they continuing, however, to make a great noise outside. Gradually they went away; and we, supposing we would not be further annoyed, were taking dinner, when

guns were fired near the house, and the crowd approached again, bringing the corpse with them. Those who carried it pretended that it would not pass the house; so it was brought in the gate, carried violently about and round the house, and struck against one of the pillars.

“I had barred the doors, and we continued our dinner; the people still making a great noise outside, and demanding the man, to give him sassa-wood. The poor man was a good deal frightened, as well he might have been; for death seemed very near. I told him to prepare for it; to repent of his evil ways, and seek pardon through the blood of Jesus. He seemed affected by the conversation, and knelt in prayer. After about half or three-quarters of an hour, the corpse was carried away, the people gradually left, and the sisters and brothers, wives and children of the man stole in to see him. I would gladly have been rid of him; but it was thought best for me to keep him over night, as the people would watch for him in all quarters. Towards evening, however, one of

the head men came to take him away to Middletown, the soldiers having consented that he should go there to drink it. The man being willing to go, I gave him up, and with no little satisfaction saw him depart."

Two weeks after, during service on Sunday, Mr. Hoffman heard that the people were engaged in giving sassa-wood to Torobo. In order to clear his character, and prove his innocence of the crime of witchcraft, he had twice drank sassa-wood of his own accord at Middletown, whither he had fled. He now returned with a proud heart, and called the people to witness to his innocence.

"When I heard of this," says Mr. H., "just at church-time, I sent Bedell to expostulate, and beg of them, in my name, to observe the Sabbath. They refused. The town was full, the church empty. We were sitting at dinner when we heard the bitter cries of a woman, as she was hastening to a town beyond us. What we thought might have occurred had happened; Torobo had drank the sassa-wood, and it had killed him. We could not but exclaim, 'Is not this the hand of God?'

This man had been solemnly warned; the wickedness of his having gree-grees had been shown him, and acknowledged by him; and yet, though perfectly aware of the sacredness of the Sabbath, he polluted it with coming to drink sassa-wood on it."

CHAPTER XXII.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

“All sorrow ought to be *Hein-weh*” (home-sickness).
German saying.

“‘I know,’ is all the mourner saith,
‘Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death;—

I am content to touch the brink
Of pain’s dark goblet, and I think
My bitter drink a wholesome drink.

I am content to be so weak;
Put strength into the words I speak,
For I am strong in what I seek.

Glory to God—to God,’ he saith
‘Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.’”

OUR records concerning Mrs. Hoffman’s life from this period become very meagre. No letters have come to us in the period from September 19th to January 16th, 1856. This is doubtless easily explained. The whole of the interval was one of sickness and suffering.

She seems to have been fully aware that her life was drawing rapidly to a close. On the 19th of September, she writes : —

“Life’s sands run more rapidly here than in healthier lands ; and when the Master calls me, I know that there are multitudes of loved ones to greet me.”

During the month of October, she was prostrated by a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs ; and after a partial recovery from this, symptoms of consumption began rapidly to manifest themselves. The months of October, November, and December, were passed in her home at Rocktown ; but now the providence of God kindly prepared for her another home, where the trials of sickness might be better soothed by the presence of a skilful physician, and the kind offices of many Christian friends.

During the latter part of December, the Rev. Mr. Scott, feeling that his impaired health required a change of climate, left Cape Palmas, accompanied by his wife, for Rio de Janeiro, bound to the United States. In consequence of Mr. Scott’s departure, the Bishop appointed Mr. H. to reside at the Orphan

Asylum, with the supervision of St. Mark's church, the natives of Cape Palmas, and the two stations of Rocktown and Fishtown.

On the 1st of January, 1856, they removed to their new residence, and in a few days were joined by Miss Alley, who had the chief charge of the children of the institution. Of these there were seventeen, and, besides the boarders, twelve day-scholars. The health of Mrs. Hoffman was too feeble to allow her to take any part in the schools. From this place she writes:—

Orphan Asylum,

CAPE PALMAS, *January 6th*, 1856.

“MY DEAR D——.

“It was with great joy that we received your letters about the last of December. The English papers told us of the yellow fever in Norfolk, in October, and I was most anxious for you all. How many dear friends have been taken! But I look for more judgments. God grant that we may be found faithful.

“The dear children are in my heart, and I was so glad to know that they still kept sister in remembrance.

“I cannot write much to you, dear D——,

for I have been laid aside from work, with many symptoms of my lungs being affected. It commenced with an attack of pneumonia, but my cough continues, with much pain in my side, loss of blood from coughing, frequent fevers and profuse perspirations.

“Could you see me, I think you would be struck with my likeness to dear sister.

“You see we are in another home. I have been unable to pack anything, but we are moving by degrees. Miss Alley, a most lovely and efficient sister, has the entire charge of the institution.

“I have been in bed nearly all the time that we have been here ; but Miss Alley comes to my room, and we arrange our plans ; and sometimes there is writing to be done, which I do, as I am now writing this, lying in bed.

“We are, you know, living in the colony, and my neighbors are very kind. Hearing that my appetite was not good, they have been sending me milk, with nice bread and butter. Our flour and butter are out ; and owing to the want of funds at home, the Secretary could not send our supplies for some time.

“My dear husband feels anxious about me, and amid his many duties, finds time to provide many comforts for me. Then Miss Alley is one of the kindest, warmest-hearted of friends. The Doctor here has been able to relieve me often, and now we live quite near him. Kate has frequent chills, and I have had to leave her very much to others.”

Shortly after this letter was written, she was called upon to bear a heavy sorrow, but which was afterwards regarded, both by herself and husband, as an act of loving-kindness from their merciful heavenly Father. Her little Kate, now at a most interesting age, and who had been to her a source of such unfailing happiness, amidst the trials and privations of a heathen land, was suddenly removed by death on the 1st of February.

This deep affliction was thus noticed by Mr. Hoffman, in a letter to the Secretary of the Foreign Committee, dated

“Orphan Asylum,

“CAPE PALMAS, *February 4th*, 1856.

“MY DEAR BROTHER.

“A few days ago, I wrote to Mr. Irving, not late enough, however, to tell him of our

affliction, in the loss of our dear little daughter, Kate. To us she was most suddenly called away by Him who loved her, and took her to Himself. She had been uncommonly well until within two days of her death, when she had fever, apparently light as in her previous attacks. On the third day, however, in the afternoon, she was taken with spasms, which continued till half-past ten o'clock at night, when her spirit was released, and joined the redeemed ones in the heavenly kingdom.

"She was buried on Saturday at Mount Vaughan. The Rev. Mr. Rambo and Mr. Gibson performed the service. The Bishop was too unwell to come up. Though our little one was each day more precious to us, my dear wife bears up wonderfully under the trial. She herself is exceedingly unwell; a severe cold, taken three months since, has settled on her lungs, and she has a cough and other symptoms, which cause me to fear she is about to follow her dear sister by the same way to the celestial city. She is scarce able now to leave her bed without assistance, but is cheerful and resigned to God's holy will."

We can well understand how the afflicted mother could bear so cheerfully the loss of her precious child. She felt deeply conscious that the sands of her own life were fast running out, and could but rejoice that her little one should pass before her into the heavenly home.

It was a grievous trial to her, that her own exceeding feebleness rendered it impossible for her to minister to her child during its last illness.

The picture drawn in the following letter, written but ten days before her own decease, of the sick mother, dragging herself from her sick room to the side of her dying child, to watch its closing breath, and imprint a parting kiss upon its lips, is one which must touch every heart. March 13th, she writes (and the very writing exhibits traces of great weakness:—

“Many days, all of sickness, since I wrote, dear D——. It has been our Father’s will to take our little lamb into His own arms. She had been severely taken with fever, and was threatened with convulsions. On the 1st of February, at 3 P. M., one of these came

on ; and gathering from the noise that something had happened, I crept to Miss Alley's room, and saw my darling one in great agony. Too weak to sit up, they laid me where I could watch her, and her father and Miss Alley ministered to her. I think she was unconscious, although her groans were distressing.

"About 10 o'clock she seemed easy, and in a little while they led me to kiss the silent lips of my first-born and only one.

"Sweet it is to us that her first words were spoken in heaven's language ; for she never talked on earth. God's sustaining grace was granted us, and we thanked Him that our babe was in His arms. We have had much joy in her.

"I cannot write more of her ; for since then other symptoms connected with my cough have reduced my strength to almost nothing."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOSING SCENE — THE GATE OF HEAVEN

“And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, ‘not a tear must o’er her fall;
He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

It was now the season of Lent; a time which had ever been very dear to her since she first consecrated herself to Christ. It was the period when, in her home in Norfolk, she was accustomed to look for a special blessing on the Church, and upon her own soul; and in Africa its return was ever greeted with joy. Though confined to a sick-bed, she was not without many spiritual comforts; the word of God was more than ever precious to her heart, and in the quiet of her own chamber she enjoyed fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ. Nor can we doubt that sweet fore-

tastes of heaven were granted her, and that bright anticipations of re-union with her lost loved ones often cheered the hours of bodily depression.

On Sunday, the 9th March, she received for the last time, from her husband's hands, the memorials of her Savior's broken body and shed blood, soon to drink it anew in her Father's kingdom.

Saturday, 15th, Mr. H. records in his journal, "Mrs. Hoffman too ill for me to be long absent from her. She herself has little anticipation of prolonged life; she rejoices in an assured sense of her acceptance with God, through Jesus Christ."

The last words from her pen were written Monday, 17th of March. After sending messages of love to all her dear friends at home, she adds, "I have said but little of our work, as, with the few we have left, we can only keep up old works. The Committee tell us to stop some of these, for want of means. It is hard to have this added to our other trials. Miss Ball returns home, on account of sickness. Dear Mrs. Rambo's loss was a great one; she was so efficient, and so sweet a

Christian. But we know God rules, and out of this cloud will yet bring light."

So true to the last did her heart beat with deep affection and firm faith towards the great work to which she had consecrated her life. Two days after the above was written, Wednesday, 19th, Mr. Hoffman says, in his journal,

"As the physician advised my not being absent from the house, the usual lecture for the day was omitted. In conversing with Mrs. H., who had been suffering extreme pain, she said she was full of sin; but lifting her eyes, and with a smile, exclaimed, '*His righteousness! covered with the robe of His righteousness!*'"

"Good-Friday.—A night of pain to the sufferer, but sustained by Him 'who had wonderfully led her all her life long,' 'in which she beheld herself as nothing, and Him as everything.'"

"Saturday, 22d March.—Mrs. H. able to speak but little, yet her thanks and prayers ascend: 'I thank Thee, O Father, for the means of relief afforded. May I glorify Thee by life or by death!'"

This was Easter Even. One more night alone intervened before an Easter morning whose sun should not go down, and of which "the Lamb is the light and God the glory."

Who would not rejoice to die on that blessed day on which Jesus rose, the first fruits of them that slept? This favor He showed to His sanctified one, who now prayed, "even so come, Lord Jesus."

The history of that closing scene has been written by the one most deeply afflicted, in a letter to the writer of these pages, which we now subjoin.

"ORPHAN ASYLUM, *Cape Palmas*,
"March 25, 1855.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

"To you, who were chosen of God to be the blessed instrument of bringing the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus to the knowledge of my beloved wife, must I now relate the circumstances of her happy departure to Him.

"It occurred on *Easter* morning, the 23d, at twenty minutes past 9 o'clock. Peaceful, joyous, she fell asleep in Jesus.

“You know that on our arrival we were appointed to take charge of the station at Rocktown, where we settled the 18th of July. Mrs. Hoffman and our little daughter both had rather severe attacks of fever; from which, however, they entirely recovered. It was in the month of October that Mrs. Hoffman took a severe cold, which gradually affected her lungs, and terminated her life by consumption.

“But God was very, *very* gracious to her, and to me also. The departure of Rev. Mr. Scott for America made it necessary for us to leave Rocktown and to reside at the Asylum. This at the time was a subject of regret; but it was plainly the path of Providence, and therefore cheerfully followed.

“But what mercy was in it! Here she had an airy and comfortable room, very kind friends and neighbors, and the attendance of a physician, who was enabled to afford her great and frequent relief. Moreover, soon after our departure from Rocktown, war broke out between the Cape and Rocktown natives, and intercourse was in a great measure stopped. Under such circumstances, without

a female friend, or means of hearing from the doctor, or opportunity of getting many necessary things in her sickness, how much she might have suffered! How very kind, then, in our Heavenly Father, to bring her here and give her all these comforts!

“She oftentimes thought that her sickness might end in death, but not one shade of trouble or anxiety did it cause her. Her little lamb had been gathered to the Savior on the 1st of February; it was another love-token from ‘her Father,’ to gather it first and then to call its mother; and so she felt it.

“A few days before she died, as in the silent watches, we talked together, she spoke of herself as a sinner, ‘nothing but sin;’ she felt the effects of evil habits in youth, but all covered, *fully covered* in the robe of the righteousness of Jesus.

“Always has she retained a sense of acceptance with the Father, through the merits of the Son; *never have I known doubts of this to cloud her spiritual vision.*

“The last night of her suffering she was unable to lie down in bed, and was supported by pillows. At 5 in the morning, I assisted

her to the rocking-chair, where she was more comfortable. She was in pain, and oppressed for breath, and I sent for the physician. Meanwhile I sat by her side, repeating to her passages of Scripture and portions of hymns, which refreshed and strengthened her soul. Sweet smiles, amid her agony, enlightened her countenance.

“The physician came, and she inquired how long it would be ere she would depart? When told ‘not long,’ she smiled for joy, and said, ‘Doctor, you have been kind to me, but Jesus kinder.’

“When pain caused her brow to contract, and her countenance spoke the agony of her body, she prayed to be released — ‘Father, take Thy child,’ was her simple, childlike prayer. And again, strengthening herself in the Lord, she said, in the midst of suffering, ‘Thy will be done, but oh! the flesh is weak.’

“I said to her, ‘Darling, is your trust in Jesus?’ and, with a smile and voice of firmness, she replied, ‘In Him *alone*.’ I asked her if she had any message to her friend, Miss D——, and, with a smile of sweet remembrance, she said, ‘Love’ — ‘to all’ — ‘at Cavalla’ — ‘Annie.’

“I asked (not that I doubted, but to receive her dying testimony) if she had any regrets for coming to Africa. She turned half towards me, and with a smile almost of reproach, said, ‘*Oh! no — never!*’

“She had expressed, during her sickness, some fears of the pangs of death, but none of her acceptance with God; yet the Lord was very gracious to her, and her sufferings were not protracted. Once in her pain, she said, ‘It is so wearisome,’ but added, ‘I will bear it.’ I reminded her of the more bitter cup that Jesus had drank for her, whose sufferings and death we had been at this season contemplating, and she remembered them, smiles mingling with expressions of submission to her Father’s will.

“To a female friend, who had been very kind to her, in sending comforts in her sickness, and whose soul is much exercised in the things of God, she sent a message, saying, ‘Tell her she must meet me.’ At a later period of quiet, she said, ‘I do not suffer.’

“As her dissolution approached, I asked, ‘Is all well?’ ‘Yes’—(with a sweet smile)—‘*Joy*’—and still later, ‘Is all well?’ and ‘Yes,’ with a smile of triumph.

“Afterwards followed these broken sentences: ‘Love to the Bishop’—‘Love to Miss Alley’—‘of our work’—‘the Lord reigneth,’ perhaps remembering how few remained to perform the work.

“As time grew short, I leaned to kiss her, and said, ‘Farewell, my blessed one,’ and she kissed me. Then she fell into a sweet sleep, resting her head against Miss Alley. The servants gathered around her, and for half an hour, while her breath was shortening, she slept quietly; then opened her eyes, and cast them round her, and slept again. Her breath returned at increasing intervals. It ceased—without a struggle—*she slept in Jesus*.

“We knelt beside her, and thanked our Father and Jesus, and the blessed Spirit, for the grace and loving-kindness granted to our best beloved.

“Our good Bishop came up in the evening, and, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, conducted the service at 10 o’clock the next morning. Sweet were his words of her, and solemn his address to all.

“Eight natives, with white clothes, carried her body to the burial; behind them walked

the orphan children; friends and mission scholars followed. She was buried at Mount Vaughan, by the side of her little Kate.

“Of earthly friends, my dear Brother, none beside her husband, were more beloved than you, because the joyous news of salvation was by you imparted to her; and for you and yours her prayers were ever offered.

“God dealt very graciously with her; and she confessed that she seemed nothing, and He everything. She was like clay in the potter’s hands. She ever rejoiced in her missionary work, but regretted that she had not been more faithful in it.

“Thus, my dear brother, receive the record, and bless God for His wondrous grace. Oh! what a mighty Savior—what a loving Savior is Jesus! May He be with us, make us more faithful and zealous in His service, that we may win *such* souls to Him, to swell His praise forever!

“I remain your brother in Christ,
“C. C. HOFFMAN.”

Thus passed from earth to heaven this saintly spirit. Not yet *twenty-four* years of age, her earthly life completed; and of that

brief period, more than *five* years spent in the blessed work of winning the heathen to the knowledge of Christ. Who does not feel that it was a life well and nobly spent—a life complete and whole—a life whose sublimest object was achieved ere its brightest morning hour was spent? “Her sun has gone down while it was yet morning;” but early death is no cause of regret to a life thus glorious. Henry Martyn closed his career at the age of thirty-two, and Harriet Newell at the earlier period of nineteen, yet their work was done; and hereafter, to many hearts the name of Virginia Hoffman will be deemed worthy to be enrolled by the side of *theirs*, and of that glorious company who, having turned many to righteousness, shall shine as stars in the firmament forever and ever.

Within an iron enclosure, at Mt. Vaughan, two green mounds are seen: roses and lilies, acacias and geraniums, mingle their odors and drop their leaves. The birds find a resting-place on the white tomb-stones, to sing their morning and evening carols.

It is a spot of peace and beauty. The iron gate is unlocked, and the flowers may yet

give place to the green mounds of the dead.
We draw near and read —

“SHE SLEEPS IN JESUS.”

THE GRAVE OF VIRGINIA HAVISIDE HOFFMAN, WIFE OF THE
REV. C. C. HOFFMAN, MISSIONARY OF THE
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH
OF THE U. S. AMERICA.

AFTER PATIENTLY AND JOYFULLY LABORING THREE YEARS
AND SEVEN MONTHS IN THE MISSIONARY WORK,
HER HAPPY SPIRIT ROSE ON EASTER MORN-
ING, 23D MARCH, 1856, TO HIM WHO
CLOTHED HER WITH HIS SPOTLESS
ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS —
AND IN WHOM

“ALONE SHE TRUSTED.”

SHE WAS BORN IN GLASTONBURY, CONN., AND FINISHED
HER WORK, AT THE AGE OF 23 YEARS AND FIVE
MONTHS, AT THE ORPHAN ASYLUM,
CAPE PALMAS.

DID SHE EVER REGRET LEAVING HER NATIVE LAND, TO
LABOR FOR JESUS AMONG THE HEATHEN?

“O! NO! NEVER!” WAS HER DYING
TESTIMONY.

On the other tomb-stone is this inscription:

“HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS.”

THE GRAVE OF KATE SETON HOFFMAN,
INFANT DAUGHTER OF
THE REV. C. C. AND VIRGINIA H. HOFFMAN,
WHO DIED AT CAPE PALMAS,
FEBRUARY 1, 1856.
AGED 2 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN MEMORIAM.

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

THE sad event cast a deep gloom over the surviving members of the mission. The faithful missionary Bishop felt that he had lost one of his most efficient co-laborers, and the heathen, too, dropped their tears over her grave.

Very many hearts were filled with sorrow as the tidings reached her native land. The Church grieved the loss of so devoted a servant, and many were the kind words spoken of the departed, and of her faithfulness even unto death.

Said one of our Church papers : “ Our worst fears have been realized. It is with intense pain we learn from the *Cavalla Messenger*, of

the death of this saint of God. And yet for her we cannot mourn. With her it was peace—the sweetest peace and most blessed assurance. For her we do not and ought not to mourn. We sorrow for the work she has left behind unfinished. We grieve with our brother, who is left to tread life's journey alone. We sympathize with the other missionaries, who thus see their companions falling at their side. But we know that Jesus lives. The work is His. He is its Head. He in His own time will put down everything that exalteth itself, and opposeth Him. Soon there will be peace throughout the earth. Every kingdom and tribe will belong to Him. The workmen die: but the work goes on — will go on — must go on.

“Mrs. Hoffman, as if typical of her blessed end, and what was to be revealed to her, died on *Easter* morning. She was buried on March 24th, and there she will lie until the Resurrection. And then? And then for ever with the Lord!”

The Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions of our Church thus appropriately

recorded its sense of her value to the mission and the loss to the Church.

“The Sub-Committee on the African Mission, in presenting a report to the Foreign Committee, beg first to notice the sore affliction which has fallen upon that mission in the death of Mrs. Hoffman, wife of the Rev. C. C. Hoffman, and his faithful fellow-laborer in the work of giving the gospel to the heathen.

“Little more than twelve months since, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, with their only child, were with us in health, and surrounded by a large circle of loving kindred and friends. None who saw them then, and heard them speak of the joys of a missionary life, and listened to the expressions of their earnest desire to return to the scene of their labors in Africa, can fail to have been convinced of the singleness of purpose and heartiness of devotion with which these servants of the Lord Jesus Christ had given themselves to the work. Had they been mindful of earthly comforts surrounding a home in this country, to none were these more freely proffered; to none could they have been more abundantly

secured. But any gain so obtained they would have regarded as a grievous loss; counting the service of Christ amid the heathen of Africa greater riches than all the treasures of their native land.

“Now your missionary stands alone; wife and child are laid in the grave.

“Is the question asked, how does his faith bear the shock? His letters answer, it is unshaken; and the reason is plain—he endures “as seeing Him who is invisible.” Calm and undismayed, and with a spirit evidently the abode of peace and of patient acquiescence, he gives us, the very day of his wife’s departure, the particulars of her last hours. Blessed confidence, this, in the goodness and faithfulness of God, and a striking testimony of the value of the Christian’s hope.

“In view of these facts, the Sub-Committee offer the following resolutions for adoption by the Foreign Committee:

“*Resolved*, That it is with deep sorrow the Committee have received intelligence of the death of Mrs. Hoffman, at Cape Palmas, West Africa, on the 23d of March last; sorrow, however, not unmingled with joy, inas-

much as the Committee have received with this intelligence the dying testimony of the departed of unshaken confidence in the work there undertaken, and of her rejoicing to the last, in that she had been permitted to labor therein.

“Resolved, That the faith which, amid the heaviest afflictions of sickness, bereavement, and death itself, has sustained the missionaries in Africa, and led them to urge on the prosecution of the work, should in like manner sustain the hearts of the Committee, and of the Church generally, and lead to more vigorous efforts for the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom, and especially in the missionary field of Western Africa.

“Resolved, That the Committee desire to give expression to their sympathy with their beloved missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, in the heavy trials to which he has been called; and in doing so, they cannot but record their sense of the goodness of God and the power of Divine grace in sustaining and cheering the heart of his servant in the darkest hours of adversity.

“Resolved, That the reduction of the num-

ber of laborers in Africa, by death and removal, may well excite solicitude on the part of the Committee and the Church, and lead to more earnest supplication to the 'Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

PROGRESS OF THE AFRICAN MISSION SINCE THE
DEATH OF MRS. HOFFMAN.

WE have thought it would be appropriate to add to this Memoir a condensed sketch of the history of the mission since the decease of Mrs. Hoffman.

It is indeed painful to begin that task by the statement that up to this time of writing (September, 1857) so few laborers have stepped forward to take the places of the fallen missionaries — to be “baptized for the dead.”

The Rev. Mr. Holcomb, a graduate of the Alexandria Theological Seminary, of the class of 1855, was appointed during that year a missionary to Africa, and sailed on the 14th of March, 1856, arriving at Monrovia on the 8th of May; at which place he met Bishop Payne, then on a visit to that station.

The only appointment to the mission from this country in 1856, was that of Mr. W. A.

Davies, of Baltimore, as business agent and teacher.

In September, 1856, the mission was again called to mourn the loss of a valuable member. Miss Isabella Alley died at Cavalla, on the 29th of that month, of consumption. "Moved by the Spirit of God, Miss Alley left a comfortable and beloved home in King George County, Virginia, in October, 1855, to join the mission at Cape Palmas." Though her career of service was short, yet most faithfully did she perform her part. Her efforts for the conversion of the heathen were evidently blessed of God, and these gathered about her tomb to mourn her early loss. She was buried at Cavalla, by the side of the Rev. Robert Smith, who had accompanied her to Africa, and passed before her to his rest on high.

Yet, amidst losses, sorrows, and sickness, the work of God went on; and the year 1855 was a year memorable for the tokens of God's favor upon his servants' work. Fifty converted heathen were during that year added to the Church. The Cavalla Messenger, of January, 1857, thus sums the results

of many years' unwearied labor for Christ and the salvation of the heathen :

“‘Ebenezer! hitherto hath the Lord helped us.’

“It is just *nineteen years*, last Christmas day, since the Rev. Dr. Savage formally opened the mission at Mount Vaughan, in the only building connected with it, and this but half finished.

“On that day, only about half a dozen communicants, if so many, were in connection with the Episcopal church. Since then, ‘through the good hand of our God upon us,’ the mission has established permanent stations, of greater or less efficiency, at *fourteen* different places, amongst colonists and natives.

“It has expended for churches, mission-houses, and school-houses, a sum not less than *one hundred thousand dollars*. In the day and boarding schools sustained by it, not fewer than *three thousand* children and adults received the rudiments of a Christian education.

“From six, the communicants, partly now living, partly dead, foreign, colonist, and na-

tive, have numbered at least three hundred. The number at the present time is *two hundred and forty-one*. The blessed gospel is preached regularly to *four* colonist congregations, and in some twenty different native tribes, and to a *hundred thousand* people. There are now, including the Orphan Asylum, *seven* commodious mission-houses, three churches completed, and a fourth nearly so, two being of stone, one brick, and one wood, besides one very superior school-house, and several more indifferent, for natives and colonists.

“A more sufficient cause of thankfulness still is to be found in the number and character of the schools connected with the mission.

“The High School and Female Day School at Mount Vaughan, the Orphan Asylum at Harper, the native schools at Fishtown, Rocktown, Cape Palmas, Cavalla, Hening Station, Rockbookah, and Taboo, the Boarding and Colonist Day Schools at Bassa Cove, the Female High School at Monrovia, and Native Boarding School and Colonist Day School in Clay Ashland, give evidence of earnest and well-directed efforts to diffuse Christian in-

struction throughout the bounds of the mission.

“And these institutions, with the precious fruits yielded by them, and the stations with which they are connected, the children and youths instructed, the souls converted to God, the colonists and native ministers, and teachers, and assistants raised up, the grace given to those who labor, and to the Church in the United States which sustains the laborers—all these are our precious *Ebenezer-stones*—the monuments of God’s presence in the past, and pledges of His blessing in the future.

“Among the tokens of God’s favor among the mission, we have to notice a remarkable work of grace among the children of the Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas.

“This was first discovered by the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, on the 31st July, 1856, and continued to progress with encouraging indications for many weeks. With regard to six of these, whom he was preparing for confirmation and the holy Communion, Mr. Hoffman writes, under date of 11th August,

““The whole demeanor, expression, and conversation of these children indicates the

greatest sincerity, and gave the sweetest assurance that the work is the work of *God*. Whose else can it be? See! He removes my beloved wife, and they no longer have her influence or instruction; then He takes their faithful teacher, and leaves them without a female instructor; and then, when I am *alone*, — yea, even when *I am away*, — He works in them! Even so, Lord, be Thine all the praise, for ever and ever.’”

It is gratifying to know that this good work still continues. In a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hoffman, of the date of April 27th, 1857, he says,

“At the Orphan Asylum the lambs are being brought to the Good Shepherd. Yesterday I baptized a very promising girl, about ten years of age, whose life shows a renewed heart — Catherine Noel Johnson.”

The present year has been one marked by the excitement of war around the Mission; but this has not hindered its spiritual prosperity. In the beginning of the year, an unfortunate conflict arose between the colonists in the Maryland settlement and the native tribes. During some of the skirmishing which

took place, the Mission buildings at Mount Vaughan, the first established in the Mission, in 1836, were destroyed by fire, by some of the natives. The Cape Palmas natives afterwards expressed their regret and shame at this deed, and said it was not done by their authority, but by the caprice of some individuals.

God has overruled this event, however, for good. The Maryland Colony, for its better protection from the violence of the native tribes, has been annexed to Liberia; and the Church at home has already contributed over six thousand dollars to replace the buildings at Mount Vaughan, and to repair the losses of the missionaries.

Eighteen months* have elapsed since the death of Mrs. Hoffman, and a year since the removal of Miss Alley; but as yet no additions have been made to the reduced band of laborers. Still do they press on undaunted in their assaults upon the kingdom of darkness. Nor do they toil in vain. Each arrival from the Coast of Africa brings more cheering tidings. Bishop Payne, under date of April 23, 1857, says:—

* This was written a year ago.

“God’s special blessing appears to have rested upon the efforts of our beloved brother Hoffman, at Cape Palmas. At the convocation just held in St. Mark’s church, at Easter, *thirty-one* persons were confirmed, and two or three others were prevented by sickness from coming forward. Since that time he informs me that others have expressed their desire for confirmation. Our beautiful little St. Mark’s is now becoming too small for the congregation attending it.

“At this station (Cavalla), the congregation continues to average 200 to 250, and within the past nine months, *sixteen* adult heathen have been baptized into the Church’s fold. Others are hopeful candidates.”

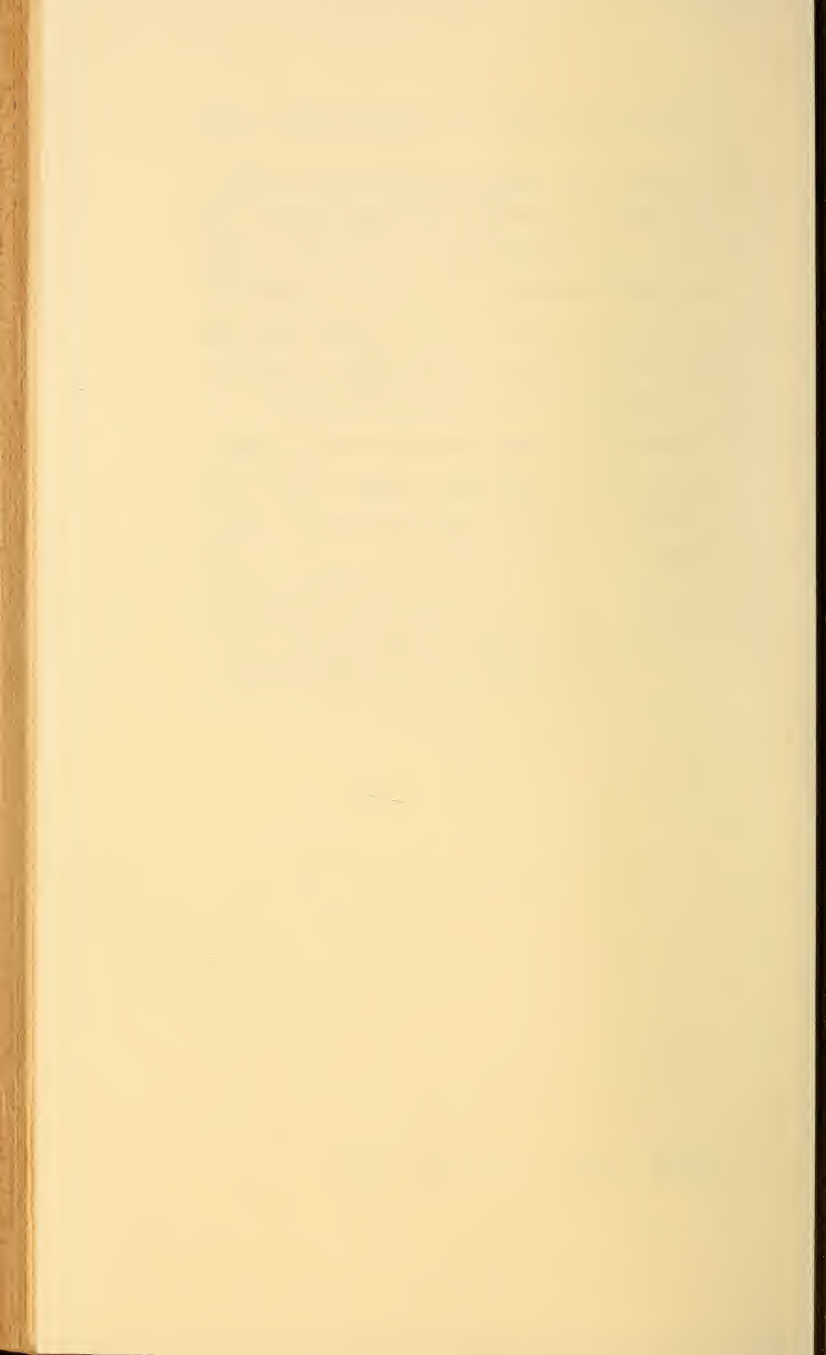
Without doubt, however, the highest result of the mission is the raising up of our African ministry to take the place of the foreign missionaries. Besides three colored colonists who are now ordained missionaries, two native clergymen and seven native teachers are proclaiming to their countrymen in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. *Through these, and others who are yet to follow, Africa is to be evangelized and redeemed.*

Since the last paragraph was written, God has raised up other faithful laborers for the field, willing to be baptized for the dead. While the mission has been called to mourn the sad loss of Mrs. Payne, and the return of Mr. and Mrs. Scott to the United States, it has been cheered and strengthened by eight others, some of whom are at this time upon the wide ocean, speeding their way to the land of darkness and spiritual death. May their example call forth others, who will count not their lives dear unto themselves so that they may preach among the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ!"

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